

# The Sketch

No. 1318—Vol. CII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1918

NINEPENCE.



GEORGE ALEXANDER EUGENE DOUGLAS : THE CHRISTENING OF THE INFANT SON OF SIR DOUGLAS AND LADY HAIG.

April 25, 1918, will be a red-letter day in the annals of Field-Marshal Sir Douglas and Lady Haig, for on that date H.M. King George, represented by Lieutenant-Colonel Clive Wigram, stood Sponsor at the christening of the infant son of the famous soldier and his wife. The ceremony took place at Eastcott, Kingston Hill, the home of Sir Douglas and Lady Haig.

The infant received the names of George Alexander Eugène Douglas, the Chief Godmother being Queen Alexandra, and the Empress Eugénie a Godmother. Sir Eric Geddes was a Godfather. Our portraits are of (Right to Left) Major-General J. M. Simms, Lady Haig (holding her little son), Lady Vivian (Lady Haig's mother), and Lady Haig's two young daughters.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



By KEBBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

"A MAY MORNING."

(Old Version.)

Come out! Come out, my dearest dear!  
Come out and greet the sun!  
The birds awake on tree and brake!  
The merry May's begun!

(New Version.)

Stay in! Stay in, my dearest dear!  
Stay in and shun the rain!  
The sleet doth pelt, the snow doth melt!  
Get back to bed again!

Troubles of a Housewife.  
March 21.—Apply for sugar for jam (50 lb.)  
March 22.—Increase application for sugar (75 lb.)

March 23.—Again increase application for sugar (100 lb.)

March 24.—Start spring cleaning.

March 25.—Laugh at gas and coal restrictions.

April 19.—Reduce application for sugar.

April 20.—Further reduce application for sugar.

April 21.—Apply for three tons of coal.

April 22.—Call on Coal Con-troller and burst into tears.

RECORDED CONVERSATIONS.

(For the Benefit of Posterity.)

"THE PESSIMISTS."

MR. LANTERN-JAW. Do you think the papers tell us the whole truth?

MR. SUNKEN-EYE. The whole truth? Good gracious, no!

MR. LANTERN-JAW. You agree with me, then, that things are much worse than we are led to believe?

MR. SUNKEN-EYE. Oh, undoubtedly! Oh, very fully!

MR. LANTERN-JAW. I've always said so! I've said so all along!

MR. SUNKEN-EYE. So have I! So have I!

MR. LANTERN-JAW. For instance, a friend of mine whose cousin's brother always gets out at the Mansion House assures me that the Germans have a gun which will easily reach London from Berlin.

MR. SUNKEN-EYE. I heard the very same thing. But not one gun, mind you. They're turning 'em out at the rate of ten a day!

MR. LANTERN-JAW. Is that so? I can easily believe it. In point of fact, I never have the slightest difficulty in believing any news so long as it is bad enough.

MR. SUNKEN-EYE. Nor I. It's a matter of training. I started at the very beginning of the War. I was the first to predict the fall of Paris in 1914.

MR. LANTERN-JAW. So you were! Magnificent! But I foresaw the capture of Calais!

MR. SUNKEN-EYE. I admit it. But what date did you assign for the total ruin of London by Zeppelins?

MR. LANTERN-JAW. May 1915. That was a generous estimate. In reality, mind you, I expected it far sooner.

MR. SUNKEN-EYE. It will come!

MR. LANTERN-JAW. Oh, it will certainly come. As for Dover—!

MR. SUNKEN-EYE. Oh, poor old Dover! I very much doubt, you know, if Dover is in existence at the present moment.

MR. LANTERN-JAW. Very odd that nobody seems to go there!

MR. SUNKEN-EYE. Aha! Depend upon it, Dover is either *non est* or the Germans have occupied it.

MR. LANTERN-JAW. Shouldn't be a bit surprised. Come a little nearer. Have you had any reliable information lately about the Fleet?

MR. SUNKEN-EYE. I have.

MR. LANTERN-JAW. So have I.

MR. SUNKEN-EYE. ?

MR. LANTERN-JAW. (—).

MR. SUNKEN-EYE. Come nearer still. Did you hear . . . ?

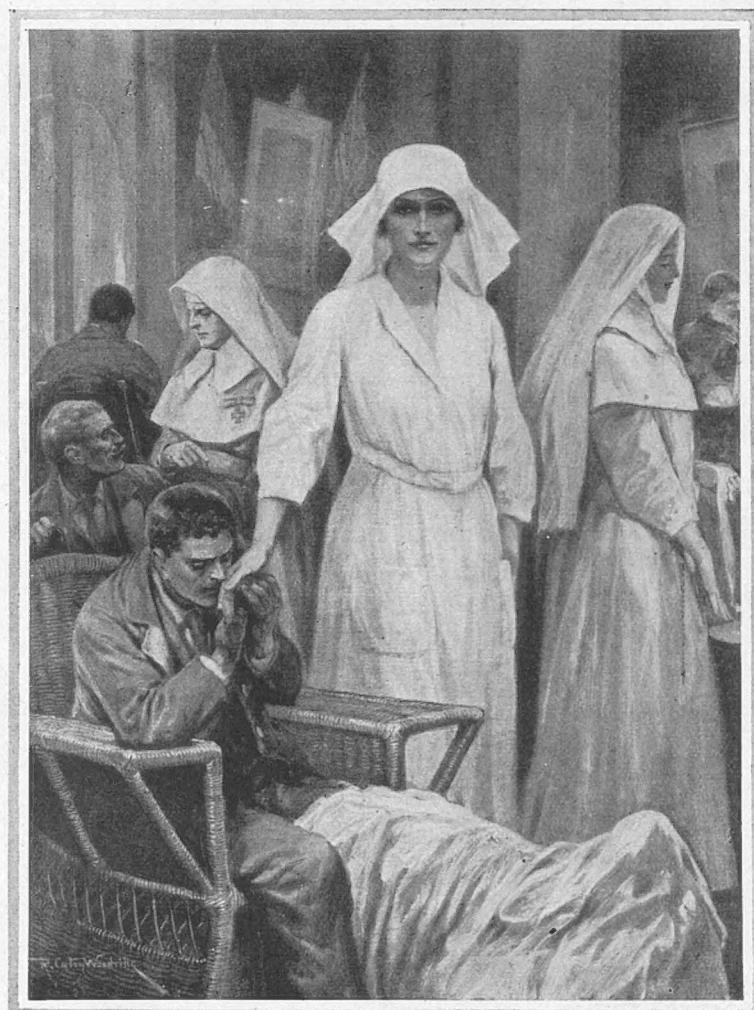
MR. LANTERN-JAW. Not only that, but . . . !

MR. SUNKEN-EYE. Ah, well! Nobody can say we haven't done our bit.

MR. LANTERN-JAW. We're patriots, we are. We're not afraid to look facts in the face and then multiply 'em by ten. Here's to you, my sturdy friend.

MR. SUNKEN-EYE'S ELEGY.

The curfew tolls the knell of London's day;  
The lowing herd's no longer on the lea;  
The ploughman graveward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to Germans—and to Me!



THE DRURY LANE CHARITY MATINÉE ON MAY 12: A DRAWING FOR THE PROGRAMME-COVER BY A WELL-KNOWN ARTIST.

This drawing was made by Mr. R. Caton Woodville, the well-known "Illustrated London News" artist, for the programme of the Grand Charity Matinée to be given at Drury Lane on Sunday, May 12. The matinée has been promoted by the "E" Division, Metropolitan Special Constabulary, under the command of Captain Montagu W. Stuart, M.B.E., in aid of the Duchess of Sutherland's Hospital in France, a hospital in St. John's Wood, and the Cripples' Home at Eastcote. The matinée offices are at Section House, Clark's Buildings, High Street, Holborn, W.C.2.—[Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.]

"The sincerity of the English Government, in its efforts to respect our rights, was proved."

"We pressed for war."

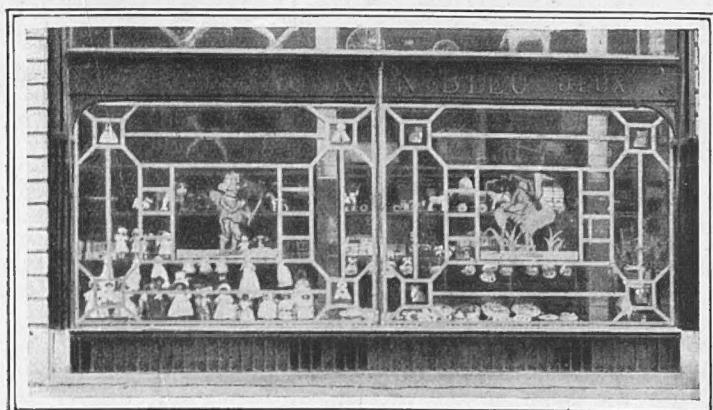
"We insisted upon war."

"Berlin went on insisting that Serbia must be massacred."

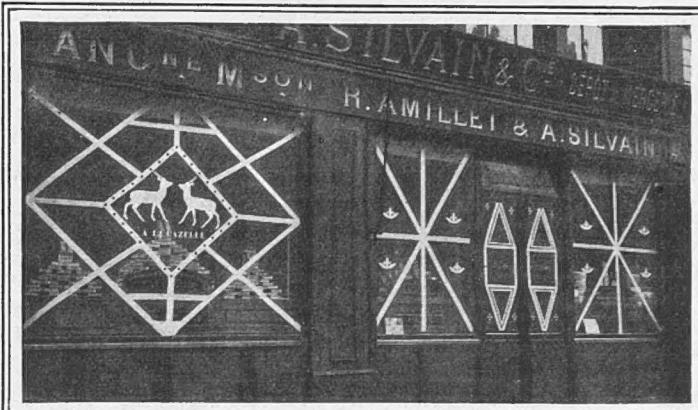
"I had to support in London a policy which I knew to be fallacious. I was paid out for it, for it was a sin against the Holy Ghost."

COMMENT BY MR. LANTERN-JAW. Camouflage!

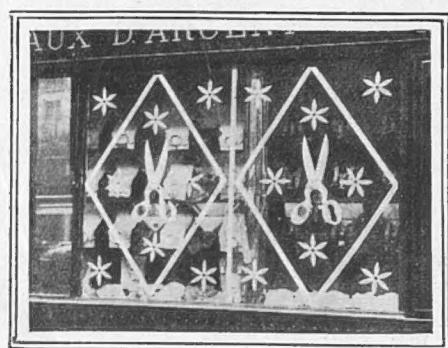
## PARIS WINDOW-DRESSING ! "LONG BERTHA" FOUNDS A NEW ART.



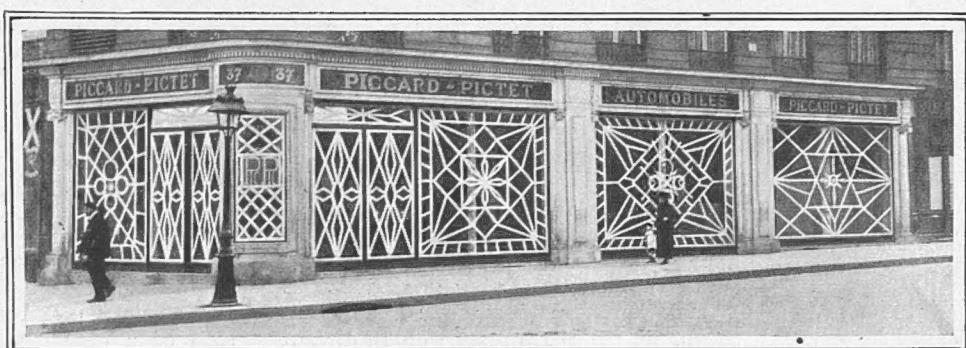
PAPER TRELLIS-WORK TO PROTECT GLASS FROM CONCUSSION :  
A TOY-SHOP IN THE RUE ST. HONORÉ.



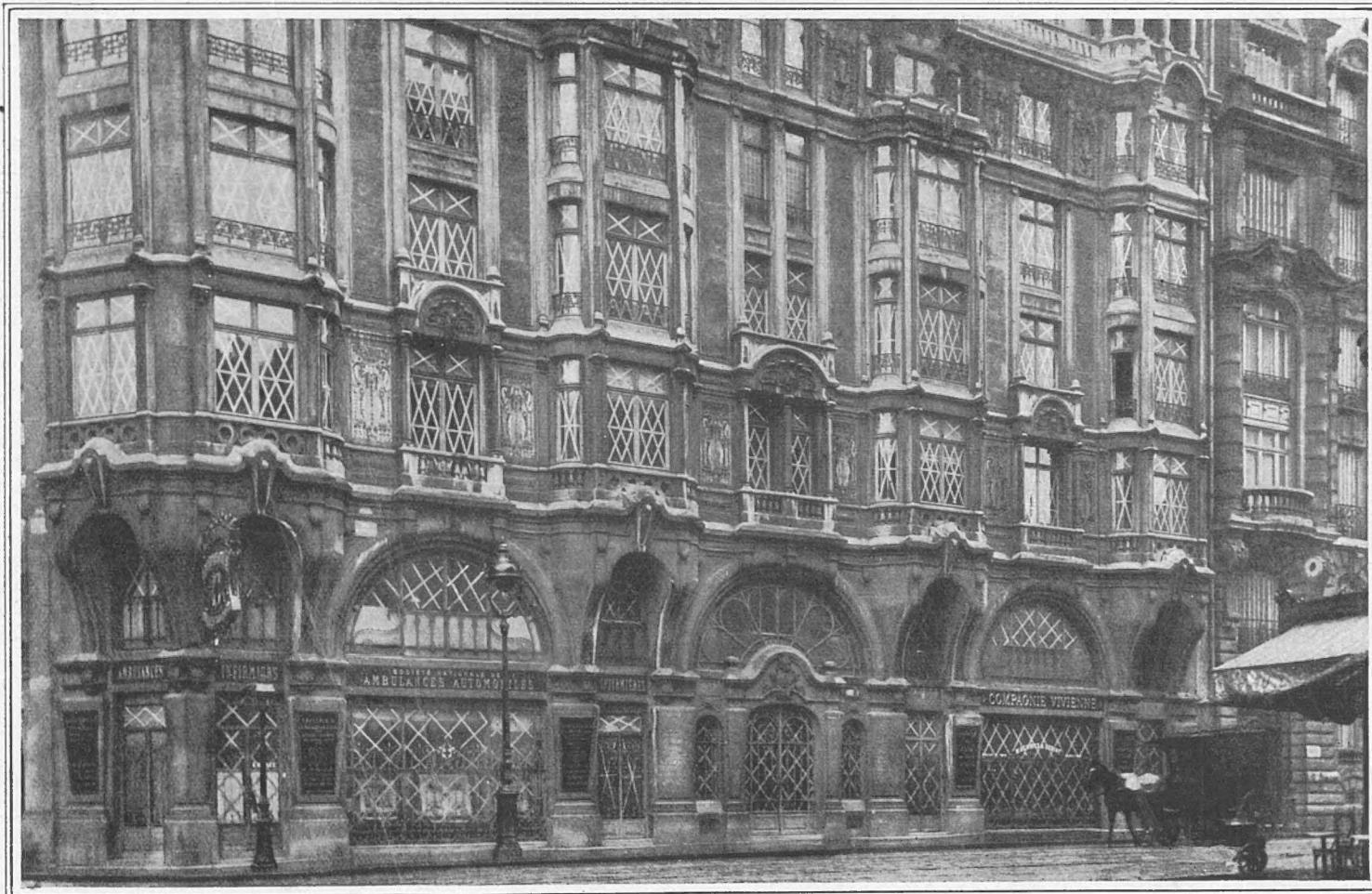
AT THE SIGN OF THE GAZELLE : A SHOP WINDOW PAPER  
DESIGN IN THE BOULEVARD DE SÉBASTOPOL.



DECORATIVE PROTECTION IN THE  
BOULEVARD DE SÉBASTOPOL.



PAPER WINDOW DESIGNS ON A LARGE SCALE : A MOTOR SHOP  
IN THE AVENUE DES CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.



PARIS WINDOWS ASSUME A MEDIÆVAL ASPECT : A HARMONISED SCHEME OF PAPER TRELLIS-WORK ON A LARGE BUILDING  
AT THE CORNER OF THE RUE DANTON AND THE PLACE ST. ANDRÉ DES ARTS.

Paris has accepted with admirable fortitude the dangers of bombardment by "Long Bertha," and of air-raids. It was discovered some time ago that a net-work of paper strips affixed to windows had the effect of preventing the breakage of glass by the concussion of an explosion. At first, rough packing-paper was used, generally in the form of a simple St. Andrew's cross. Gradually, however, the artistic taste of the Parisian

asserted itself, and the decorative possibilities of this novel kind of "window-dressing," were realised. Colour and design came into play, and thus a new graphic art sprang into being. In some cases the emphasising of diamond panes produces a mediæval effect; in others, large sheets of plate glass afford scope for elaborate decorative schemes. Nothing could better show the indomitable spirit of Paris.



**Matinée at the Shaftesbury.**

Queen Alexandra was present at Lady Milsom Rees's matinée at the Shaftesbury in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital. George Robey appeared in his now famous rôle of auctioneer, and the bidding for the Autograph Album was exceedingly brisk, amounting in all, with re-bids, to £450. The picturesque Egyptian fantasia, "Princess Suri-Sama," written and produced by Miss Erica Beale, was played again at this matinée, the two principal parts of the Princess and her Lover being most dramatically and effectively portrayed by Arlette Ravenna and Layos Olza. The ballet opened with a prologue spoken by Arlette Ravenna, who is evidently an actress as well as a *danseuse*—two gifts which do not always go hand in hand. Lady Willoughby William Williams mimed prettily as Miru, the Princess's Attendant; while Lady Hewitt and Lady Muir Mackenzie were respectively Slave and Fan-Bearer. The very excellent *corps-de-ballet* were pupils of the Mayfair School of Dancing, the Principal of which hails from Johannesburg, where she had over five hundred pupils. She should make a distinct success over here, for her groundwork is evidently exceptionally thorough, as shown by the performance on Friday, it being undeniably more difficult to make a successful concerted movement than a solo. (I was particularly struck by the graceful arm movements of the *corps de ballet*.) Mrs. Greenaway was responsible for a bright little sketch entitled "Dawkins," in which Miss Mary O'Farrell and Miss Ohmead acted charmingly; and Mr. Holman Clark was responsible for



**Bill (reading the Budget):**  
"Super-tax 4s. 6d. instead of 3s. 6d., and to begin with incomes of £2500 instead of £3000—."  
**Erb.:** "We'll have to stop earning so much—that's all, Bill."

the production side. The performance concluded with Mr. Louis Parker's effective pageant, "Treasures of Britain," in which Mr. H. B. Irving acted again as King Arthur, who answers in person Britain's call for help. Everyone was not entirely word-perfect, which was a pity, as Mr. Parker's prose is always so good one does not wish to miss any of it. However, considering the largeness of the cast and the mixture of professionals and amateurs, it was a very creditable performance. The substantial sum of £1400 resulted from this matinée.

**The W.A.A.C.** April 20 was a great day for our and Others.

women workers—a Land Army in Hyde Park, munition workers at St. Paul's, and the W.A.A.C. at Wellington Barracks receiving a gracious message from the Queen and becoming henceforth the Q.W.A.A.C. It is doubtless inevitable that they will now become the "Qwaac-Waacs"; but, after all, that is



OUR NEW WAR MINISTER'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE IN THAT CAPACITY: LORD MILNER AT THE MANSION HOUSE, ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

only in strict harmony with our "Wrens" and our "Penguins," and certainly they have taken to their work and to Army discipline very much as the proverbial duck to water, so the ducks in the Land Army procession were only typical. The W.A.A.C. formed a splendid guard of honour to the Lord Mayor when he attended the Munition

and other War Workers' Service at St. Paul's; and one had a chance, too, of seeing a body of Women Police—one of the very smartest and neatest, as well as the most devoted, lot of women that ever did hard work with splendid courage. The munition workers, however, were the mainstay of the congregation, although thirty thousand of them had been unable to obtain admission, owing to the cathedral's seating capacity being already overtaxed. They may well have felt proud of the beauty of the service organised for them, and of the attendance of the band of the Grenadier Guards, who played most gloriously before and after the service, supplied the buglers and drummers for that wonderful sounding of the "Last Post" and the "Réveil," and led the singing of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" at a pace which suggested no leisurely or laggardly march, no "restriction of output," or other baneful ideas, but a quick march which might almost have been cavalry in advance. Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill and General Sir Francis Lloyd were present.

**The Educated Worker.**

Everybody is a worker to-day; most of us like

to imagine we are educated. At all events, if we can prove ourselves to be both one and the other, we are eligible for membership of a delightful little new club for well-educated girls and women of slender means which has just been opened at 52, Baker Street, under the title of the Townsend Club. There was a big gathering for the opening ceremony, when the speakers were the Bishop of London and Lady Cunliffe, who, by the way, is very largely responsible for this excellent scheme. Lady Thring is another member of the committee who will doubtless mean a great deal to the power and efficiency of the venture. Everything is so fresh and clean and attractive that the mere visitor ineligible for membership will most undoubtedly hasten to repair her omissions in work and education.

**Three Little Newcomers.**

Students of statistics who maintain that boys born always outnumber girls in war-time must have studied their *Times* lately with considerable satisfaction, the three names next each other, the wives respectively of Sir Douglas Haig, Brigadier-General Humphrey, and Brigadier-General Alan Hunter, each being the proud mother of a son. Our Commander-in-Chief has two small daughters, born in 1907 and 1908, so his son and heir will be all the more welcome. One is reminded of the old motto of Haig

forebears, which ran, "Betide, betide, whate'er betide, There'll aye be Haigs on Bemerside," with which the family would console itself when an heir seemed far to seek, and of that romantic legend of aged maiden ladies of the Haig family travelling on the Continent being rescued from brigands by an unknown youth who turned out to be a Haig, and became heir to the broad acres of Bemerside. At all events, everybody's congratulations will be with Sir Douglas and Lady Haig, and good wishes to the small boy who is to inherit so proud a heritage of splendid service, let alone such titles as will doubtless be his father's in due time. General Sir Douglas Haig's baby flourishes; I saw it recently, looking quite bright and worthy of an optimist father and mother. Not many people know that Lady Rhondda is a relation of Sir Douglas Haig. She is, and perhaps inherits from a common ancestor the gift of organising which they both have in a marked degree. The National



REPORTED TO BE TAKING A HIGH POST IN THE FIELD: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR F. B. MAURICE, DIRECTOR OF MILITARY OPERATIONS



ON IMPORTANT WORK IN FRANCE: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR R. D. WHIGHAM, GENERAL STAFF, PREVIOUSLY AT THE WAR OFFICE.

Photographs by Russell.



"What have I not done to preserve the world from these horrors?"  
The Kaiser on the battlefield.—Reuter.

Kitchens are Lady Rhondda's hobby at the moment, and she is bent on popularising them, and frequently lunches at one near her London flat.

**High Poetry.** General Sir Mark Kerr, who until lately was an Admiral, is now in the R.A.F., and is flying—literally—all over Britain in the pursuit of his new duties. General Sir Mark Kerr is a jolly good poet as well as a jolly good fellow, and one hopes he will write a *Saga of the Flying Men*—his *Saga of the Minesweepers* is a fine piece of work. The Navy will miss him, for he was the friend of both men and officers, and one of the most popular of Admirals.



"Criminal" is a very difficult term. There is not a single person in this room entirely without criminal tendencies."—Sir Robert Armstrong Jones, reported in *Daily Paper*.

comm-kitch, the first ever held; and a party of well-known people are following her example shortly.

**Bryant and May the 1st!** No flags! May 1, in aid of the horses, is to be a Match Day pure and simple, so let every "matchless" person save up and lay in a store

on that date. There will be no street collections, but there will be depots at all the principal hotels and restaurants throughout town. The Duchess of Newcastle will be responsible at one depot; the Savoy Hotel will be presided over by the Marchioness of Donegall; Lady Smith Dorrien will take charge at the Carlton; the Countess of Carnwath and Lady Alice Malim at Princes; while Lady Garvagh, who has done so much to help various charities and has given up certain rooms in her Marble Arch house practically since the commencement of the war to the making of garments for the wounded, will be at the Ritz. Claridge's Hotel is to be under the charge of Lady Lowther and Mrs. John Astor respectively; and the Countess of Clancarty, assisted by Miss Dorothy Romaine Short and Miss Erica Beale, will be at the Hyde Park Hotel. Lady Duckworth will be at the Grosvenor Hotel; and Lady Willoughby William Williams, assisted by Lady Hewitt, has charge at the Trocadero Restaurant. Besides the much-prized matches, small charms (in the shape of little silver horses) and badges are to be sold.

**A Matinée Maker.** Lady Morant's crèche will benefit by the Princess Beatrice matinée which is to take place at the Gaiety on June 17. Baroness Percy de Worms is the organiser, and there

is a perfectly wonderful list of well-known folk who are serving on committees, and a programme that scintillates with an unusual number of stars even for a Royal matinée. Everything is to go with a click, the Baroness intends; the matinée will be a short one, and there will be no waits between the turns.

**The Call of Chelsea.** Lady Margaret Sackville, I hear, is coming back to Chelsea. What

is the attraction Chelsea has for most of us? The river? Lady Mackworth, by the way, has a passion for our "loitering highway," and, after leaving her flat in Whitehall Court, which looked on to the Thames, has taken a flat on the Chelsea Embankment. I think she finds the river restful after her



IN COMMAND OF THE NAVAL RAID ON ZEEBRUGGE AND OSTEND: VICE ADMIRAL SIR ROGER KEYES.  
Photograph by C.N.

strenuous days dealing with W.A.A.C. matters. By the way, I hear her father's shared sugar ration was much appreciated in Hoxton. You know, of course, that Lord Rhondda has given up half his sugar ration for the babies in Lady Cynthia Colville's crèche. Well, they had the first lot in jam—made from summer preserved fruit, and very excellent it was. Violet Campbell, inspired by his example, says that as soon as she can get fruit her sugar shall go towards jam for the babies. At present she is making toffee very successfully, and does not eat even one little bit of it. I tempted her, and she did not fall.

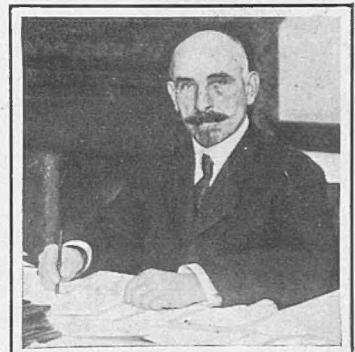
#### A Gift House.

I met Lady Dorothy Mills, who always looks so handsome, in South Audley Street, where she is running a shop for the Bulldog Club. It is a gift house, and the most fascinating things are accumulated there, but do not stay long, under Lady Dorothy's management, for she believes in reasonable profits and quick returns. Quite sound finance.

**Short but Sweet.** The Hon. Gweneth Morgan, daughter of Lord and Lady Tredegar, has started a new fashion which is rather more difficult to



COMMANDER OF THE COVERING FORCES IN THE NAVAL RAID ON ZEEBRUGGE AND OSTEND: ADMIRAL SIR R. Y. TYRWHITT.  
Photograph by Heath.



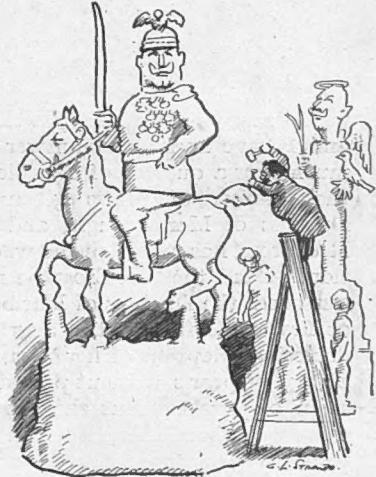
SOUTH AUSTRALIA'S NEW AGENT-GENERAL IN LONDON: MR. EDWARD LUCAS IN HIS OFFICE.  
Photograph by Topical.



"Still writing? There's no penny postage for letters now, you know."  
"How fortunate! because I've got no stamps."

#### A Red Cross Concert.

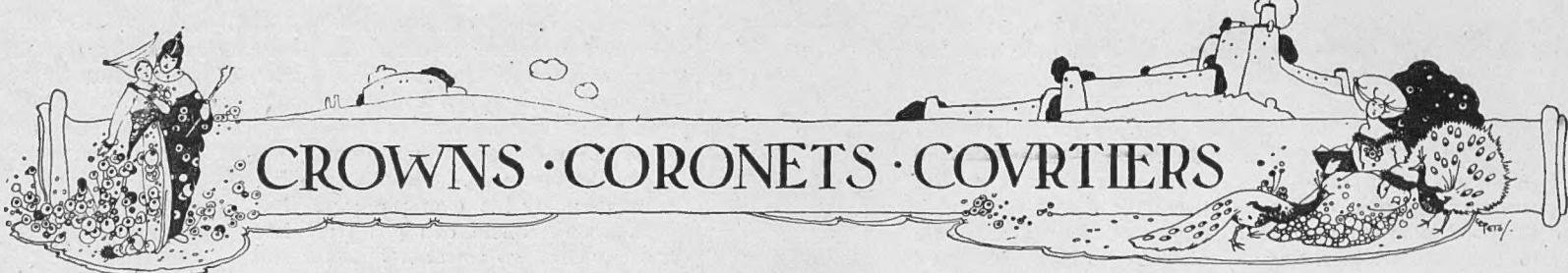
Under the patronage of the Mayor and Mayoress of Bath, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, Earl and Countess Temple, the Dowager Countess of Pembroke, Lord and Lady de Blaquiére, Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, Lady Carew, the Hon. Mrs. Chandos Gore-Langton, the Comtesse de Romestin, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Lady Quilter, and other distinguished people, two concerts were given by the Pump Room Orchestra of Bath for the Red Cross Fund and for Mr. G. B. Robinson, the musical director. Elgar's "Spirit of England" was sung by the choir and Miss Hilda Blake for the third and fourth times recently; Miss Beatrice Langley's violin solo, Kreisler's "Old Valse," was ravishingly beautiful—one of several selections, among which were two by Mr. Roger Quilter. Mr. Quilter's versatility, originality, and refinement were further shown in "Three English Dances" for the orchestra, and in several songs, which he himself accompanied. A group of poems by the new school of soldier poets—Rupert Brooke, Joseph Courtney, and Robert Service—were effectively recited by Miss Alice Hatt.



A German monumental mason at work on a kolossal statue of the "Great Father of his Country."  
"Several towns are already making arrangements to erect equestrian statues and other monuments in the Kaiser's honour."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.



A WELL-KNOWN OFFICIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER RECENTLY WOUNDED: 2ND LIEUT. ARMAND CONSOLÉ.  
Photograph by Barratt.



THE "Wrens" and the "Waacs" at last birded together! The Women's Auxiliary Army Corps, now Queen Mary's Auxiliary Army Corps, will have a reminder of its old name and its new in the popular cognomen—"Quacks." They take their "Q" from the Queen very literally! Of course, the "Wrens" find themselves very much at home in St. Paul's, with its dome as the Wren's Nest, called from Sir Christopher. But both they and their sisters, the "Quacks," observe a plainness of garb that is nothing if not Quakerly. Nor will the sober and decorous uniforms now so much in vogue ever quite go out of it. Women of all ages agree that it is not only the most sensible, but even the most becoming. Ask Lady Randolph Churchill or Lady Londonderry, or a hundred other charming women, about the compliments paid them these last weeks even by people not spendthrift in those wares! And a uniform as the best of all form is likely enough to be still more generally recognised if, as I hear, the Queen Commandant-in-Chief of the "Quacks" intends to review them in their very own habit.

*The Needlemen  
of Melchet.*

Among the wonderful hospitalities of private hospitals are those at Melchet Court, Romsey, and one cannot help thinking how immeasurably happier are the wounded

ENGAGED IN WAR-WORK  
AND NURSING: MISS HELEN  
ISOBEL BILSLAND.

Miss Bilsland is the younger of the two daughters of Sir William Bilsland, LL.D., a Trustee of the National Galleries of Scotland. Her sister is married to Captain David John Colville, Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

guests of Lady Mond to-day than was Mrs. Carlyle in the old days when she stayed at Melchet with Lady Ashburton for her own and her husband's hostess. The men at Melchet have been doing embroideries of an excellence which reminds us that masculine and not feminine hands turned out some of the most famous needlework of the East. One patient worked a little screen for Lady Mond; and then eleven men worked a banner which the Queen—a fine judge—has seen and praised, and which has now been presented to the public eye in the War Museum.

*The Tabling of Pearls.* How many pearls are there in England? The question has been put (over the bread and pearly margarine) at many a tea-table lately, and I have heard the answer hazarded at much over a quarter of a million. Anyway, the number of pearls given first to the Duchess of Marlborough, and then to the Red Cross, has exceeded the wildest anticipations. Had the Red Cross been a cause any less good, the Duchess of Marlborough might at first have felt a little aggrieved at this flattering adoption of her idea, leading to a pillage of pearls without precedent in all the story of jewels. But she soon found that there was enough for two, and she does not want to throw even a precious stone at her friendly rivals. Meanwhile, the poets are up against pearls, which cry out for Earls, but do not really rhyme with girls, as in all appropriateness they ought. From the Greek "margarites," meaning pearls, we get a word



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE  
EARL OF DERBY: LADY  
STANLEY.

Lady Stanley, the wife of Lord Stanley, M.P., elder son of the Earl of Derby, is receiving many congratulations upon the birth of a son. Before her marriage last year, Lady Stanley was the Hon. Sibyl Louise Beatrix Cadogan, daughter of the late Henry Arthur, Viscount Chelsea, eldest son of the fifth Earl Cadogan.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

now well worn on every hand, and certainly it is a little odd that pearls and margarine should have been brought into such patriotic prominence together. Pearly margarine! Perhaps the classic association will help us all to find it the more palatable.

"R. L. S." The Dowager Countess of Jersey must have had a particular pleasure in the *and f. s. d.* price fetched by her gift to the Red Cross Sale of Stevenson's "Object of Pity; or, the Man Haggard." Next to the author himself, she had the large hand in the making of it. To begin with, as the initiated know, she is one of the characters in the above-named romance, which dates from the long-vanished era of "She" and "King Solomon's Mines." And it was she who privately printed a few copies in Apia in 1892, one of which she has been so fortunate as to be able to send to King Street. I have before me an unpublished letter from Mrs. R. L. Stevenson, in which she says that Lady Jersey has turned the head of every man in Samoa. And what heads, to be sure, there were to turn! Even a random little burlesque emitted from one of them can thrill a saleroom to-day. The buyer of "An Object of Pity" became an object of envy to all, and the man haggard was he who stopped short of the final bid.



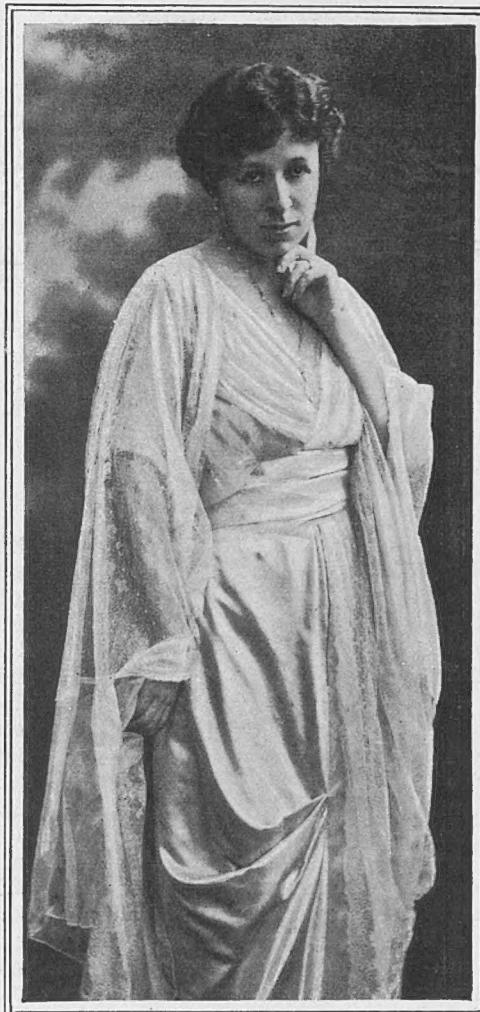
A MAID - OF - HONOUR TO  
THE QUEEN: THE HON.  
VENETIA BARING.

The Hon. Venetia Marjorie Mabel Baring, who is a zealous worker for the wounded in the war, has been a Maid-of-Honour to Queen Mary since 1911. She is the eldest daughter of Lord Ashburton by his first wife, the Hon. Mabel Edith Hood, daughter of the fourth Viscount Hood.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

*The Duke of Duties.*

I see that the Duke of Connaught still bears some of the bronze which his complexion gained during his recent unostentatious but really very important travels. The sun of Athens gave him a glow which even the April showers of London sleet to which he returned failed to obliterate. Prince Arthur of Connaught, on leave from the front, was able to join in the greetings of quite extraordinary cordiality accorded to his father; and Princess Patricia, who was not allowed to be her father's travelling companion, resumed quite naturally her place by his side in all the hundred-and-one good works to which his days are devoted.



WIFE OF THE NEW BRITISH GENERAL AT  
VERSAILLES: THE HON. MRS. CHARLES SACK-  
VILLE-WEST.

It was announced on April 12 that Major-General Sackville-West had been appointed British representative at Versailles, in succession to General Rawlinson. General Sackville-West is forty-seven, and was A.D.C. to General Buller in South Africa. He is heir-presumptive to Lord Sackville. The Hon. Mrs. Sackville-West was, before her marriage in 1897, Miss Maud Cecilia Bell, daughter of the late Mr. Matthew John Bell, of Bourne Park, Kent. She has a son, Edward Charles, born in 1901, and a daughter,

Photograph by Lafayette.

*Retournons à Nos Moutons.* By the cession of her Mar-deer-forest to the sheep, the Duchess of Fife becomes the very greatest of shepherdesses. Her example is one which every owner of northern forests—they are more moors than forests—would willingly follow. But hers are the fat lands of their sort, and other stretches of heather and rock, famous for deer, yield little or no pasture. A sensible discrimination will see to it that the deer are not evicted from barren moors which will provide venison, but never mutton. Between the qualities of Highland and Lowland mutton ballad literature has already made a discrimination of its own. Now again is the comparison possible between the one that is sweeter and the one that is fatter by men who deem it meet to carry off the latter!

## WAR WORK AND WAR WEDDINGS: SOME INTERESTING PORTRAITS.



ENGAGED TO COMMANDER JOHN BROOKE, R.N., D.S.O.: MISS MADGE TOTHILL.



ENGAGED TO SIR THOMAS PINK: MISS MINNIE JANE DAVIS.



A VERY ENERGETIC WAR-WORKER: MRS. JOHN ASTOR.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN GUY EARLE, ON JUNE 6: MISS ISABEL ROUSE-BOUGHTON-KNIGHT.



ENGAGED TO MR. W. L. EVERARD, HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY: MISS C. I. K. ARMSTRONG.



AN EARL AND HIS FIANCÉE: LORD GIFFORD AND MISS MAUD AITCHISON, OF DRUMMORE, MIDLOTHIAN.

Miss Madge Tothill is the daughter of Colonel Francis Tothill, R.A. Lieut.-Commr. John Brooke is the son of Sir George F. Brooke, Bt.—Miss M. J. Davis is a daughter of the late Mr. G. B. Davis, A.I.M.E.—Mrs. John Astor is the wife of Captain the Hon. John Astor, son of the first Viscount Astor. She is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Minto.—

Miss Isabel Rouse-Boughton-Knight is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Greville Rouse-Boughton-Knight.—Miss C. I. K. Armstrong is a daughter of Captain Marcus Beresford Armstrong. Mr. W. L. Everard is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Everard, of Bradgate Park, Leicestershire.—Lord Gifford is the fourth Baron, and a widower.

## SMALL TALK



BIRTHDAYS, even twenty-first ones, have to be kept quietly in war-time, and Princess Mary's last week was no exception to the rule. Though coming of age at eighteen is one of the prerogatives of Royalty, the interest attaching to a "twenty-firster" still remains. But the Princess, like the rest of her family, has, so to speak, decided to share and share alike with the nation, and last Thursday's event passed without national recognition. All the same, the Princess was the recipient of a host of good wishes none the less sincere because they were not given public expression. Her Royal Highness has of late been seen about a good deal in connection with various war and charitable activities, and more than one member of her father's Forces has been known to speak with delight of her gracious and unaffected manners at the canteen where she works with her cousin, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. Like many another war débutante, Princess Mary has had to do without the gaieties incidental to "coming out," but I fancy few of her contemporaries have accepted the situation or made the sacrifice with a better grace than the King of England's only daughter.

*The Penny Post.* So the penny post is to go the way of so many other victims of the war. It is a sentimental as well as a practical loss. The penny post is seventy-seven years old, and there are very few people now living who can remember having paid the old complicated charges or having begged a "frank" of a Member of Parliament or other grandee. Do you remember how old Pendenis advised Arthur to ask great men for a "frank" occasionally—"they like it"? As a matter of fact, there was a penny post in London as long back as Stuart days. It was a private enterprise, and became so popular that the Duke of York (afterwards James II.), in his capacity of what we should call Postmaster-General, espied in it an infringement of his monopoly. It was suppressed, and no letter was carried for a penny until Sir Rowland Hill established the penny post for all England in 1841—much to the disgust of the crusted Tories of his day.

*Too Much Slobber.*

I don't know how other people feel, but I have been rather nauseated by the "slobber" over the death of Richthofen, the German airman—is he, by the way, the young Richthofen who was known on the English Turf?) By all means let our Army men treat with respect the remains

of a formidable foe, happily destroyed at last. But we at home need not get into a sentimental state over this or any other Hun. There is every evidence that Richthofen was a brave man and a very efficient master of his weapon; there is none at all that he was what we call a sportsman or even a gentleman. Gentlemen are not wanted in Germany, and never were. When any German approximates to the type, like Lichnowsky, he is not exactly encouraged. Personally, I

think this sort of gush—there was much the same thing in the case of the Captain of the *Emden*—is quite misplaced in the present war. We are fighting brutes, and, while that is no reason why we should fight like brutes ourselves, it is a sound reason for keeping all our sentiment for our own poor fellows.



SUPERINTENDENT OF THE WOMEN'S LEGION, AND WELL-KNOWN OFFICER TO MARRY: MISS DOROTHY BOUCHER-JAMES—MAJOR HERIOT GLEN, M.C.

Miss Dorothy Boucher-James is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Boucher-James, and is first-class Superintendent of the Women's Legion, attached Army Service Corps. Major Heriot Glen, M.C., is the eldest son of Mrs. K. B. Glen and the late Mr. Thomas Heriot Glen, of Linlithgow, N.B.

*Photographs by Bassano.*

*A Jolly Roger.* It really is a pity that the honour of knighthood has been so much cheapened of late. For the fact diminishes the value of honours bestowed on such men as Sir Roger Keyes, the author of that splendidly audacious and successful stroke against Zeebrugge and Ostend. Keyes is a real fighting man, and his habit of being in the thick of things amounts almost to a disease. He was out in the Eight of Heligoland in the very first days of the war, he served with distinction in the Dardanelles, he took part in the air attack on the German naval ports at the end of 1914, he was in the Dogger Bank battle, and he nearly went down with the *Arethusa*. Reckoning in a few minor actions here and there, the Admiral cannot be said to have been altogether idle during the last three-and-a-half years. His hard but humorous face is typical of the man, with his combination of cheery optimism, shrewd calculation, and dare-devil courage.

*A Lord on the Lords.*

If one had not known that Lord Bryce was the author of the covering letter regarding Second Chamber reform, it would have been easy to detect his hand. That touch about "the shadowy regions of Teutonic antiquity" was quite enough. Lord Bryce is rather a monomaniac on "Teutonism." According to him, Charlemagne was as German as Hindenburg. Lord Bryce belongs to the school which sprang up in the early nineteenth century devoted to the belittlement of France and the idealisation of the Germanies. It reached the pinnacle of absurdity in Carlyle's eulogies of that colossal robber and forger Frederick the Great. But while the average sense of reason and morality revolted against Carlyle's great work, the less monstrous Teutonism of the smaller men gained general acceptance, and, broadly speaking, it may be said that it was only the more ignorant class of Englishmen who really recognised Germany and the Hohenzollerns for what they were, before 1914. Lord Bryce did less mischief than most of the cult, because of his unreadableness.



A "HAPPY PAIR": LIEUTENANT AND MRS. MCKENZIE ROSS, LEAVING CHURCH.

The wedding took place recently, at the Parish Church, Harrow, between Lieutenant H. McKenzie Ross, M.C., son of the Hon. W. Roderick McKenzie Ross, Minister of Land, Canada, and Miss Mabel Woodbridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Woodbridge.—[Photograph by News Illustrations.]

Indeed, he has every quality but that of being interesting.

*Sir George Cave and the Premiership.*

I wonder what Sir George Cave thinks of the movement to make him Prime Minister. It is really very funny, by the way, after all the abuse we have had of the lawyer politician, that the newest nomination for the post of Wielder of Britain should be a most typical lawyer. That is exactly what Sir George Cave is.



ENGAGED: MISS VICTORIA M. CURTIS.

Miss Victoria Margaret Curtis (whose engagement to Mr. Clement Hugh Greswell, R.F.C., son of Mrs. Caversham Simonds, and stepson of Colonel Caversham Simonds, Hawridge House, Newbury, is announced) is the eldest daughter of the late Sir William Michael Curtis, Bt., and Georgina, Lady Curtis, of Caynham Court, Ludlow.—[Photo. by Lafayette.]

*A BRIDE OF LAST WEEK: MISS NANCY D. WEEKS (MRS. ARNOLD HUNT).*

The wedding of Miss Nancy Doreen Weeks (daughter of the Rev. C. C. Weeks, Captain, R.A.M.C., and Mrs. Weeks, and grand-daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Weeks, R.N.) to Lieutenant Arnold Hunt, R.F.C., took place at St. Hilda's, Crofton Park, on April 27.

*Photograph by Vandyc.*

## TWISTERS OF THE DRAGON'S TAIL: AFTER THE ZEEBRUGGE RAID.



1. KNIGHTED: VICE-ADMIRAL SIR ROGER KEYES, IN COMMAND.  
3. THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE VISITS THE BATTLE - SCARRED  
"VINDICTIVE": MRS. CARPENTER ON BOARD.

2. A ZEEBRUGGE SOUVENIR: SHOWING A PIECE OF THE MOLE.  
4. WOUNDED AND PROMOTED: CAPTAIN ALFRED CARPENTER,  
WHO COMMANDED THE "VINDICTIVE."

Captain Carpenter's story of the attack on Zeebrugge on St. George's Day has shown what a terrific affair it was, and how splendidly our men fought. His exchange of signals with Vice-Admiral Keyes, who flew his flag in the destroyer "Warwick," expressed the spirit of the Navy. "On

the way across before the operation," he said, "the Admiral made the signal to the 'Vindictive'—'St. George for England!' and the reply was made to him—'May we give the Dragon's tail a damned good twist!' I think we succeeded in doing it."

# PHRYNETTE'S LETTER. FROM LONDON



## BUT WHAT BOOTS IT?

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

**A**ND to think that from time immemorial we women have been called by (and responded to) the name of the illogical sex! Why I, though no statistician, could disprove this misconception ten times a day.

But, really, this little notice, for instance—what does it say to you?—

### "MORE HIGH BOOTS."

"The recent prohibition on the sale of high-legged boots for women is to be partially removed."

"The Director of War Materials, in a communication which has been received at Nottingham by the Notts and Derbyshire Traders' Association, states that permits will be issued for the sale, in June and July, of prohibited boots."

"Permission will be given for the disposal of stocks of leather boots with uppers measuring eight inches in cloth and seven inches in leather."

"The decision has given great satisfaction to the trade, says the *Daily Express*, which has been under a heavy handicap owing to the present restrictions."

The charming inconsistency of men! I am sure that a Directress of War Material would not have issued last year that law forbidding high boots to be sold—manufactured, yes; but why should not the already made boots be disposed of, instead of having shoes to be made when leather is so scarce? And if the Directress—who knows what prevision, provision, and profusion mean, because, being a woman, she has had the key of the cupboard and the larder for many centuries—had been so short-sighted as actually to pass such a law, she would not anyway, I am sure, have chosen the warm, sunny months of June and July in which to allow us to wear high-gaitered boots of cloth, when all we need is the thinnest, lowest, openest of shoes and stockings (indeed, at a pinch we could manage on tennis shoes and sandals)—and that after our soles had shivered in shoes in the slushy season! Oh, la, la!

By now, under the stress and strain and strenuousness of war conditions, amateur nurses who had not in them the sacred fire have desisted from wearing the white cap. "because it is so becoming," so that to quote the following letter which is sent me from South Africa cannot possibly wound any susceptibilities—

"South Africa.

"MY VERY DEAR PHRYNETTE,—In appreciation of a pleasant afternoon spent in peace and quiet reading your contributions to *The Sketch*, after a long tour after the wily Hun in East Africa, I make bold to send you the following as a small contribution to the amusement of my fellows, in the which you are such an expert.

"A very eminent physician was asked to come and give the first lecture to a class of ladies who had volunteered for nursing service.



Starting his lecture by stating how great an honour he felt it was conferred on him that he should be invited to give the first lecture, he proceeded a short way and then suddenly said, 'Oh, by the way, for the convenience of the bandaging classes that will come later, it is necessary to divide up the class; so will those ladies who only wish to nurse officers please go over to the left side of the hall, and the others to the right side.' When the necessary division had been made, he turned to those who only wished to nurse officers and told them to leave, as their services would not be required. I think that's the first drawing-room story I've ever told in my life.—Yours ever,

"SHAKES."

Well, Shakes, my friend, if ever you fall into the incapable but manicured hands of the "for officers only" nurse, you may shake in your shoes!

A few nights ago there was a merry meeting at the house



of Delysia. Delysia *la délicieuse* is a perfect hostess, and the thirty-odd cheery souls who assembled at her lovely house fleetingly the golden hours right joyously. Mme. Delysia wore a soft black crêpe dress, with two lovely rows of pearls; Miss Hilda Dick black net and sequins, like a mermaid in mourning; Miss Winifred Ellice was in pale-green; Miss Daisy Hancox, Miss Florence Vie, Miss May Beatty, Miss Vanity Fair, and Miss Joan Emney (the sixteen-year-old daughter of the late Fred Emney) nearly all affected sable robes, but there was nothing gloomy about the party. Mr. Cochran, M. Morton, Mr. Dennis Neilson Terry, and Mr. Robert Cunningham were there, also many distinguished compatriots of the hostess, notably M. Cuvillier, composer of "The Lilac Domino." The dining-room, with its sunny cornice, from which the secret light fell in soft, gilded gleams, was the scene of a merry little feast, consecrated with "bubbly" that was not "cheep," then the lovely white skin and Persian rugs were rolled back from the polished floor of the drawing-room and all joined in a merry fox-trot. Then came the best treat of all, for Delysia sang some of the songs from "Afgar," accompanied by the composer, M. Cuvillier. These are delightful, as you will judge when Mr. Cochran produces the piece in the late summer or very early autumn.

After that, we trooped to Delysia's bedroom—rather ripping, as you say, with its pearl-grey furniture—to watch M. Morton raffle the six hats, hot from Paris, which Delysia distributed for keeps among her guestesses. No tickets for this Tombola—the drawer of the longest spill from the hand of M. Morton took the hat of her choice, then the next the next hat, and so on till all the fairings were distributed. This was Delysia's farewell to her fellow-workers before starting for the mountains of the Blessed, which lie between her country and the land where we build dream-castles.

## A BEAUTIFUL PEERESS FROM CHILE : HER LATEST PORTRAIT.



*Wife of a Captain in the Welsh Guards: the Countess of Lisburne.*

The Countess of Lisburne, of whom we give the latest portrait, is the wife of the seventh Earl of Lisburne, who is a Captain in the Welsh Guards. Lady Lisburne was married to the Earl in 1914, and has a daughter, Lady Gloria Regina Mallet Vaughan, who was born in 1916. Her husband has estates in Cardiganshire, and Lady Lisburne has, since

the commencement of the war, been much interested in Welsh soldiers, who, it will be remembered, fought with special gallantry at Messines Ridge. The Countess was, before her marriage, well known in Society as Miss Regina de Bittencourt, daughter of Don Julio de Bittencourt, Attaché to the Chilian Legation in London.

*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*

## CHILDREN OF A QUEEN'S LADY-IN-WAITING; SOME BRIDES.



1. SON AND DAUGHTER OF A GREAT INVENTOR: GIULIO MARCONI AND HIS SISTER.

2. A BRIDE OF THE WEEK: MISS ALEXA JAMESON.

3. A BRIDE OF THE WEEK: MISS FLORENCE PETRE.

Giulio Marconi and his sister are children of the famous inventor, Senator Guglielmo Marconi, G.C.V.O., and his wife, who is a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen of Italy.—Miss Alexa Jameson is the daughter of the late Lord Ardwall (a Judge of Court of Session in Scotland) and of Lady Ardwall. Miss Jameson was married to Captain J. B. S. Bourne-May,

Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Bourne-May, of Hackinsall, near Fleetwood, Lancashire, on April 29, at St. Margaret's.—Miss Florence Petre is the daughter of Mrs. Alfred Petre. Her marriage to Mr. John Crowder, Household Cavalry, son of Mr. Augustus George Crowder, J.P., of 65, Portland Place, took place at St. Margaret's, on April 30.

*Photographs by Lallie Charles, E. O. Hoppé, Rita Martin.*

## AN ASQUITH ENGAGEMENT: THE BRIDE-TO-BE.



TO WED BRIGADIER-GENERAL ARTHUR MELLAND ASQUITH, D.S.O.: THE HON. BETTY MANNERS.

The marriage of a brave officer, son of an ex-Premier, with a lady who has done good service as a nurse, is in itself an event to inspire wide interest. The bridegroom-elect is Brigadier-General Arthur Melland Asquith, D.S.O., third son of the Right Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith, P.C., ex-Premier, and the bride-elect is the Hon. Betty Manners, daughter

of the third Baron Manners. The ceremony takes place almost immediately at Ringwood. General Asquith has fought with distinction in the war, and has had a foot amputated. He has now a Staff appointment. The King recently invested him with the D.S.O., and two bars, at King Edward VII. Hospital. Miss Manners has been nursing in France.

*Photograph by Dorothy Hickling.*

# AIR-RAID AMBULANCE ; HUTS ; CANTEENS ; LAND A



1. WORKING IN Y.M.C.A. HUTS: LADY VIVIAN.

2. SEC. OF THE CORNISH WOMEN'S LAND ARMY: LADY DRUMLANRIG.

3. ON AIR-RAID AMBULANCE DUTY AT CALAIS: MISS DE WEND.

4. A CANTEEN-WORKER: MISS GLADYS MACGEORGE.

Lady Vivian is the second wife of Lord Vivian, of Glynn, Bodmin, Cornwall, one of whose sisters is the wife of Sir Douglas Haig. Lady Vivian, who was Miss Nancy Lycett Green, has been married twice. Her first husband was the late Captain Adrian Ross, Royal Horse Guards.—Viscountess Drumlanrig (formerly Miss Irene Richards) married Viscount Drumlanrig, Black Watch, elder son of the Marquess of Queensberry, last year.—Miss De Wend is a daughter of the late Colonel De Wend, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and of Mrs. De Wend, of Aislaby Hall, Sleights, Yorkshire, and for the last

## ND ARMY ; INFANT WELFARE : WAR - WORKERS ALL.



5. AN ASSIDUOUS WORKER FOR THE EXCELLENT AND MUCH-NEEDED INFANT WELFARE MOVEMENT:  
MRS. CYRIL ASQUITH.

eighteen months has been at Calais with the First-Aid Nursing Yeomanry, doing ambulance work, during air-raids and otherwise, throughout the district between Boulogne and Dunkirk.—Miss Gladys MacGeorge is a daughter of Mrs. Stanley Barry, and step-daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Stanley Barry, who was A.D.C. to Lord French, and attended the Prince of Wales during 1914-15.—Mrs. Cyril Asquith, who was married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Feb. 12, to Captain Cyril Asquith, the third surviving son of the ex-Premier, was Miss Anne Pollock, daughter of Mr. Adrian Pollock, City Chamberlain.

## A CLEAN CUT BELOW TWENTY-THREE! BOUND



A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN FILM-ACTRESS IN "WOMAN AND THE LAW": MISS MIRIAM COOPER.



AT A SPOT ALWAYS  
RENONDED FOR BEAUTY:  
MISS EILEEN DARTON  
IN "THE BEAUTY SPOT."



TO BE "PAINTING" IN THE "PAGEANT OF FREEDOM": MISS JOYCE CAREY.



A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN DANCER FILMED IN "WOMAN AND THE LAW": MISS PEGGY HOPKINS.



"BUT COMELY,"  
LIKE ALL THE  
"BEAUTY SPOT"  
GIRLS: MISS  
PHYLLIS BLACK.



TO BE "PITY" IN THE "PAGEANT OF FREEDOM": MISS MARIE HEMINGWAY.

Miss Miriam Cooper is in the new Fox film, "Woman and the Law," based on a murder trial in New York, and recently produced there. It was arranged to bring it over here shortly. Miss Cooper is the wife of Mr. Raoul A. Walsh, an American stage director. Miss Peggy Hopkins, also filmed in "Woman and the Law," is a well-known Broadway dancer.—Miss Joyce Carey is the daughter of Miss Lilian Braithwaite, and herself an actress of talent. She appeared with the late Sir George Alexander last year in "The Aristocrat." Latterly she has helped in several charity affairs, and is to represent Painting in the "Pageant

*Photographs by A. C. Johnston, Rita Martin, Hugh Cecil,*

## FOR THE FRONT—OF THE STAGE AND THE FILM.



ANOTHER BEAUTY FROM "THE BEAUTY SPOT": MISS ELSA FLACK.



MORE JUSTIFICATION FOR A GAIETY TITLE: MISS DORRIE RUSSELL, OF "THE BEAUTY SPOT."



PLAYING THE IRISH SERVANT IN "BE CAREFUL, BABY!" AT THE APOLLO: MISS PEGGY DORAN.



PLAYING MONICA IN "MONICA'S BLUE BOY," AT THE NEW: MISS MARY GLYNNE



THE BEAUTIES OF "THE BEAUTY SPOT"—HERE IS ANOTHER: MISS ENA MASON.



RECENTLY FILMED IN "HINDLE WAKES," AND APPEARING IN A NEW COMEDY: MISS COLETTE O'NIEL.

of Freedom," at the Queen's Hall in May, in aid of the Red Cross. On the same occasion Miss Marie Hemingway, the well-known comedy actress, will appear as City.—Miss Mary Glynne, who, it may be recalled, was also in "The Aristocrat," is now playing the title-part in "Monica's Blue Boy," Sir Arthur Pinero's wordless playlet.—Miss Peggy Doran is very amusing as the Irish servant girl, Norah, in "Be Careful, Baby!" the new Apollo farce.—Miss Colette O'Neil, or Lady Constance Malleson, as she is in private life, is, we learn, to be seen in a new comedy early next month.—The run of "The Beauty Spot" closes on May 4. Elliott and Fry, Elwin Neame, Bertram Park, and Bassano.

## WIFE OF A PEER—AND A KEEN WAR-WORKER.



A NEW PORTRAIT OF A POPULAR YOUNG PEERESS: LADY GRIMTHORPE.

Lady Grimthorpe, who is an energetic worker for various efforts in connection with the war, is the wife of Baron Grimthorpe, the third holder of the title. Before her marriage to Lord Grimthorpe, which took place in 1914, she was well known and popular in Society as Miss Mary Alice Archdale, daughter of Colonel Mervyn Henry Archdale,

formerly of the 12th Lancers. She has a little son, the Hon. Christopher John Beckett, born in September 1915. Lord Grimthorpe, who is a Captain in the Yorkshire Hussars, was born in 1891, and succeeded to the title in 1917. He has been in the Army since the early days of the war.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]



YOU and I have heard a good deal lately from the Kaiser (per Wireless Press) about Germany's sword. In his addresses to his troops and to his people he is most suspiciously consistent in his reference to an honest weapon of warfare whose uses he despised at the very beginning of hostilities; and even his own



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S VISIT TO GREECE: AT THE SPECIAL REVIEW OF THE ATHENS GARRISON; THE DUKE TAKING THE SALUTE. One object of the Duke of Connaught's visit to Greece, during his tour to Egypt and Palestine, was to hand King Alexander the insignia of the G.C.B., conferred by King George. Next day the Duke, together with King Alexander, inspected the garrison of Athens on parade. In the group shown, the Duke of Connaught (right) is seen taking the salute. The King is in the centre, a little further off. In rear, near by and to the left, is General Paraskeopoulos, Military Governor of Athens.

countrymen—certainly his own soldiers—must feel with something like a blush that their All-Highest is rather hypocritically overdoing the metaphor.

What sword is this, All-Highest, that you boast about to men? What shape is it, what size is it, and is it sharp to feel? And, if you ever used it, will you tell us where and when? And what the hilt-adornment, and the texture of the steel?

What swordsmith of the Fatherland was he who forged a blade, three years ago, from poisoned gas? A pretty smith was he! How well-beloved he would have been among the men who made the nobly fashioned flamberges of your Waldstein's Germany!

Did ever swordsmith temper sword with poisoned gas to choke? Did ever swordsmith fashion sword in liquid fire to blind? *There is no sword of Germany*—save that beneath your cloak, which surely is but Satan's tail a-sticking out behind!

We know the men who felt your "sword" in those new days of war! It cut them not, it pierced them not—it was a hellish flame! It left a blister for a wound, and darkness for a scar! *There is no sword of Germany*—you lie to give it name!

We are on the threshold of the song-writer's favourite month. But the sentiment of May is spoilt for lyrical purposes this year—much more so than last—because the contemplation of the "merry-month's" gifts is now a thing inseparable from "rational" calculation. The mind is one of enviable detachment that can regard a meadow without associating its playful young mutton with the meat-card.

I stood beside the wicket: I watched the lambs at play, as we together watched them four years ago to-day. I thought of you, my dar-r-ling, and deemed it more than hard that I should now be watching but lit-tel chips of card—but lit-tel chips of card, Love—but lit-tel chips of card!

I stood beside the pigsty: I heard the piglets squeak, as we together heard them four years ago this week. I thought of you, my dar-r-ling, but all my thoughts were marred to feel the other piglets were lit-tel chips of card—but lit-tel chips of card, Love—but lit-tel chips of card!

Now we know what that feeling is that comes over us when we look in the jeweller's shop-window, Sir Robert Armstrong Jones, the mental specialist, tells us that we all have criminal tendencies, but that "the complete man suppresses them."

"Dear Cuthbert," I was forced to write, when he had been to dine, "the spoons and forks you used to-night I beg to say are mine. Of course, my dear old friend, I know you did not mean to cheat; but, while you hold a score or so, the set is incomplete."

"Dear A. B. M.," our Cuthbert wrote, "I've crime inside my bones I can't suppress. Peruse this note from good old Bobbie Jones. I'm sorry I repaid your treat by theft so mean and sly; but if your set is 'incomplete,' dear Chappie, *so am I!*"

Miss Marie Lohr, says my newspaper, has sent one of her pearls to the Red Cross—

A noble sacrifice, Miss Lohr, so rich and rare a pearl to drohr from under or from upper johr! But Heaven watches as of old, and you are sure to be consoled, dear Lady, with a "crown" of gold!

The practical patriotism of our Women's Land Army cannot be too often sung—especially in the words of Miss Janet Begbie's new song. But don't let us sing its patriotism only. There is their courage to be seen to with the rhyming pen; and, as no one else appears to have thought of this, I suppose I shall have to assume the glorious responsibility myself.

I sing the gallant soldier-girl, the soldier-girl I sing! Her hair is bravely out of curl like little bits of string; and in her breeches stout and strong, and boldly unconcealed, she faces danger all day long in England's cattle-field!

For every soldier-girl a rousing cheer!  
For every soldier-girl a loud Hooray!  
For blear-eyed bulls no longer she has fear, as in the namby-pamby pre-war day!  
She pats the pretty cows and strokes the sows, and joins the little piggies in their play. There is nothing she's afraid of, for the proper stuff she's made of, is the soldier of the Doubleyou-Ell-Ay!

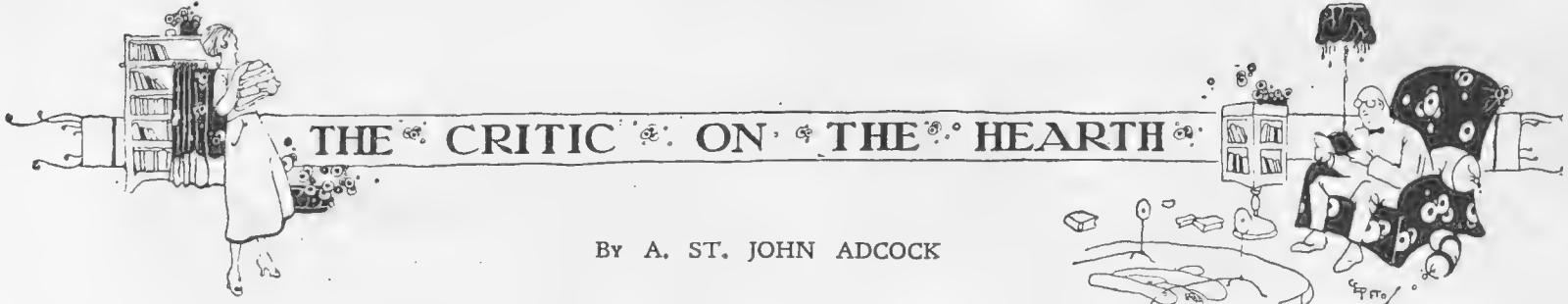


THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S VISIT TO GREECE: AT THE SPECIAL REVIEW OF THE ATHENS GARRISON—IN THE RECEPTION TENT.

The Duke of Connaught's recently completed military tour in the Near East war-area concluded with his visit to the King of Greece, to present to him King George's decoration. At Athens, in company with King Alexander of Greece, the Duke of Connaught reviewed the garrison on the Champ de Mars. In the illustration the Duke is seen in the reception-tent, in rear of the saluting-point, speaking with General Bordeau, the head of the French Military Mission in Greece (centre), and General Danglis, Commander-in-Chief of the Greek Army (right).

I sing the gallant soldier-maid, the soldier-maid I sing! With fork or hoe or pick or spade, she'll go for anything! We mind the day she wouldn't scrunch a snail on any terms, but now she kills them by the bunch, and guillotines the worms!

A. B. M.



By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK

OF course, the best things are always the things we haven't got—until we get them; then it invariably turns out that they are not so good as they seemed. Just now we have got almost everything we do not want; but if we are sensible enough to realise the finely practical, human ideals laid down for us in "Past and Future"—one of the ablest of the many books on reconstruction after the war—I wonder whether what we obtain will be happiness or merely an exchange of grievances?

Most of us complain that life is too short; but we make such a mess of what there is of it that I sometimes think we should only have more to grumble about if it were longer than it is. Suppose the scientists could completely abolish disease and render us all immortal on earth: would that leave us as contented as we fancy we are going to be in the orthodox eternity? More likely, as Thomas Kettle has it in one of his wise and witty political essays in "The Day's Burden," we should find that "every sin against the set limits of life, every breaking of bonds by the practical imagination, carries its own retribution with it." For example, poor little Mrs. Webster, of "Mr. Webster and Others," was reduced to the wretchedest slavery under that priggish, insufferable domestic tyrant, her lord and master; but she was much the younger of the two, and could at least console herself subconsciously with the thought that Nature would some day give her a happy release, and a chance to try again. That her patience failed and, instead of

They are so confident of this that, with clear consciences, they introduce their germ into the Birmingham water-supply, and, carried by air as well as water, it is soon infecting all England with immortality. The first doubt is voiced by a woman who, when they tell her of the limitless existence that is surely coming to her, says: "I wonder how long love will last?" The only visibly unpleasant effect of the great change is that the action of the germ turns the whites of the eyes a vivid blue and impregnates the skin with a bluish tinge. One might become reconciled to this, if this were all; but, now that there is no death except by violence, at the slightest approach of danger, everybody is painfully panic-stricken; moreover, young men who had been waiting respectfully to succeed to the dignities and emoluments of their seniors are reduced to despair and desperation by the prospect of never getting those openings, and an epidemic of murder begins to break out. Then, when the instant, exhilarating effect of that enormous influx of new life slows down, it is succeeded by a strange lethargy. Life being endless, there seems no need for haste, there is more than time enough for everything; and as this feeling grows it saps ambition and damps down all desire, till even Sarakoff and Dr. Holden and Jason, the powerful newspaper proprietor who had made a roaring stunt of the disease of immortality before he caught it himself, are sunk in an easy, dreamful, lethargic state of contemplation. Thornduck, who is infected, but fights against these lulling influences, visits the

House of Commons and discovers there only "a few blue-stained men lying about on the benches"; but, apart from the colour scheme, this is not so extraordinary. Under this spell of the germ, the author notes, "fanatics fell early to sleep, thus proving that the motives behind their fanaticism were egotistical and a source of satisfaction to themselves"; and he adds, rather unkindly, "philanthropists, too, succumbed early."

I am pretty sure that, in such circumstances, Miss Vivian, who dominates "The War-Workers," would have gone to sleep pretty soon. Not that she is exactly a fanatic or a philanthropist; but, charming as she is, you are subtly made aware that, as Director of that complex war organisation, the Midland Supply Department, she mercilessly overworks herself and all her assistants, not so much from high patriotic motives as because the worshipful admiration and the importance that accrue to her are a source of self-satisfaction. The staff of girls she drives so ruthlessly look up to her adoringly and, with moments of disillusion, praise her among themselves ecstatically. The daily lives of the girls and their strenuous leader, in the hostel and out of it, are unfolded intimately, with satirical humour. Miss Delafield has served for nearly three years as a V.A.D.



BRITISH WOUNDED ENTERTAINED BY THE RED CROSS AND ORDER OF ST. JOHN IN THE HISTORIC FORTRESS-CITADEL OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN: IN THE AUDITORIUM OF THE OPERA HOUSE, VALETTA, MALTA. A unique, historic, and widely interesting war-event took place at Malta, as noted above, recently. The Opera House was packed with convalescent "boys in blue," and the leading Italian artists of the Opera gave their services for their delectation. Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, the Governor, with Lady Methuen, C.B.E., the headquarters staff and naval officers, and all the Maltese notabilities and high Government officials, were present. The display of enthusiasm among the men at the close is described as "without parallel in the annals of the many brilliant scenes that Valletta Opera House has witnessed!"—[Photograph by Ellis.]

waiting for Nature to step in, she stepped out and took a scandalous way of escape, is beside the point.

If hers were the only objection to earthly immortality, we might amend the divorce laws to meet it; but there are a lot of others, as you will gather if you read "The Blue Germ," a cleverly imagined story of the immediate future, and one of the most curiously fascinating things of the kind I have read for a long while. Here you may learn how the eminent London specialist, Dr. Holden, and the great Russian scientist, Professor Sarakoff, collaborated in the discovery of a blue germ that will destroy all germs of disease, and make the mortal body everlasting, unless it is killed by violence.

worker, and she is careful to say in a prefatory paragraph that the scenes and persons she describes are purely imaginary.

#### BOOKS TO READ.

- Past and Future.* By "Jason." (*Chatto and Windus.*)
- The Day's Burden: Literary, Political, and Miscellaneous Essays.* By Thomas M. Kettle. (*Mawson.*)
- Mr. Webster and Others.* By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (*Collins.*)
- The Blue Germ.* By Martin Swayne. (*Hodder and Stoughton.*)
- The War-Workers.* By E. M. Delafield. (*Heinemann.*)
- Swinburne and Landor.* By W. B. Drayton Henderson. (*Macmillan.*)
- Poems.* By Herbert Trench. Two vols. (*Constable.*)
- A King in Babylon.* By Burton E. Stevenson. (*Hutchinson.*)



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## "SERVICE"-ABLE GARDENING HINTS.





## RICHTHOFEN: R.A.F. HONOURS: THE NEWLY DECORATED: U.S.A.

By C. G. GREY, *Editor of "The Aeroplane."*

**F**LYING officers of the Royal Air Force feel very genuine regret at the death of Rittmeister Freiherr Manfred von Richthofen.

Not only did they regard him as a brave man and a skilful aviator, but they respected him as a clean fighter and a sportsman. One of our very best air fighters said to the present writer, only a week or two ago, that he hoped that von Richthofen would survive the war, because he wanted to compare notes with him. The general feeling of the R.F.C. was that they hoped he might be shot down and captured, or at any rate laid out for the duration of the war. They wanted him out of the way; but they did not hate him, so they did not want him killed, though any of them would have killed him if the chance had occurred, as it did ultimately.

**Von Richthofen—the Moral Effect.** Von Richthofen's death is bound to have a seriously depressing effect on the German Flying Service, for the less stout-hearted pilots are bound to ask themselves what sort of chance they stand against the crack British and French

air fighters if so skilful and brave a man as von Richthofen is conquerable. This effect will be all the greater because von Richthofen was brought back to the Front, apparently from some instructional or advisory job connected with the teaching of air fighting, for the express purpose of putting heart into the German pilots, who had been having a very bad time at the hands of the British air fighters for the past six months. Equally, his death will have an encouraging influence on the less experienced French and British pilots, for the youngster who finds himself attacked by an obviously skilful German aviator will no longer be smitten with the fear that he may be up against the great von Richthofen himself. All of which is full justification of the consistent refusal of the High Command of the R.F.C. to publish the names of its "star turns" after the German fashion. It is all very well in theory to publish victory after victory in the hopes of encouraging the newer pilots to go and do likewise, but in practice it is found that the death of a crack air fighter so depresses his own side and so encourages the enemy that the harm done far outweighs the advantages of the system.

**R.A.F. Decorations.**

Apropos crack air fighters, rather a nice point seems to arise out of the coming into being of the brand-new Royal Air Force. The question is, how are those who distinguish themselves to be rewarded? Of course, if their work is good enough they can be admitted to the honourable Companionship of the Distinguished Service Order, which is open to both the Senior Services, and is therefore presumably open to the R.A.F. But what about the less distinguished people?

One cannot recall a case of an R.N.A.S. pilot being awarded the Military Cross for good work when attached to the Army. In such cases the aviators have been given the Distinguished Service Cross by the Admiralty. Nor can one recollect a soldier ever having

been given the D.S.C. for services rendered to the Navy, though presumably such a thing has happened on occasion. On the same line of reasoning, an R.A.F. officer cannot be given the M.C. because he is not a soldier, and he cannot be given the D.S.C. because he is not a sailor. What, then, is the remedy? Are we to have another new cross to correspond to the M.C. and D.S.C.? If so, what will it be called? Let us hope, at any rate, that it will not be called the Royal Air Cross, for, if it were, "Lieutenant William Smith, R.A.C." might inadvertently convey the erroneous impression that he was a member of that exclusive organisation the Royal Automobile Club. If, on the other hand, it were known merely as the Air Cross, the initials A.C. might be confounded with those of a well-known make of cycle-car, and give the idea that Mr. William Smith was in the motor trade.

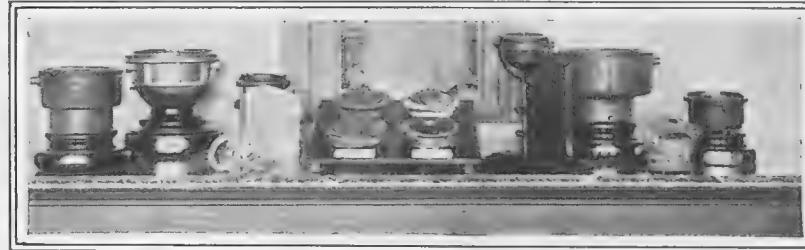
**"No Man's Children."** Quite seriously, though, the position is really rather curious. Possibly the War Office might give M.C.s to R.A.F. officers serving with the

Army, and D.C.M.s or Military Medals to N.C.O.s and men of the R.A.F. And likewise the Admiralty might give D.S.C.s to R.A.F. officers serving with the Fleet, or at such ports as were under the Admiralty. The idea might even be extended to give D.S.C.s to R.A.F. officers doing anti-submarine or other sea-patrol work from shore stations which were under the Air Council and not under the Admiralty. Giving these decorations to people who were outside the particular Service which awarded them would be highly irregular, but presumably it would be possible to get over that difficulty. Still, supposing that were done, how would the authorities set about rewarding officers and men engaged purely on air work quite apart from the Navy and Army—such as long-distance bombing and fighting organised by the Strategic Council of the Air Ministry, to which Lord Rothermere referred quite recently? Being purely on air work, apart from the Navy and Army, such people would be no man's children, and it would be difficult, in the rewarding of warlike virtue, to decide whether the War Office or the Admiralty ought by rights to issue rewards to these people of an absolutely separate service. One commends the consideration of the problem to the high authorities.

**U.S. Aircraft.**

An interesting but brief note which appeared in the papers a week or so ago intimated that the American Government is about to reorganise its aircraft programme. One wise American remarked the other day that America would make all the usual English mistakes, but they would all be made and put right in a year instead of in three years—as on this side of the Atlantic.

So long as one recognises that essential fact, and does not expect the Americans to go right ahead without making mistakes at all, one is not likely to expect too much and is not likely to be far out in one's estimates at the finish.



GERMAN AIRCRAFT SPOIL: ZEPPELIN AND OTHER COMPASSES.

Photograph by Sport and General.



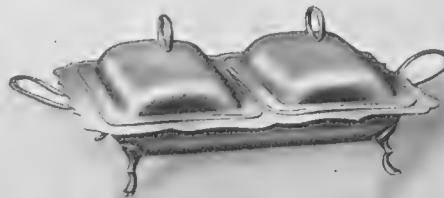
THE ADMIRALTY COMPASS-TESTING DEPARTMENT FOR THE NAVY, R.N.A.S. CRAFT, AND THE TANKS: A CLASS OF STUDENTS UNDER INSTRUCTION IN GYRO-COMPASS WORK.

A special Admiralty Department—which existed for the sea service only previous to the war—is devoted to the testing and checking of compasses. Since the war the work to be done has magnified its scope and labours a thousand-fold, and the department has expanded from its original quarters near London to enlarged observatory buildings in the country. The department now supplies both the Navy and the naval air forces and tanks, and some sections of it are entirely managed by women.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

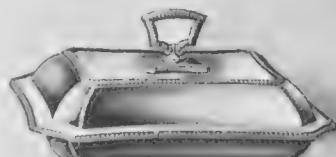


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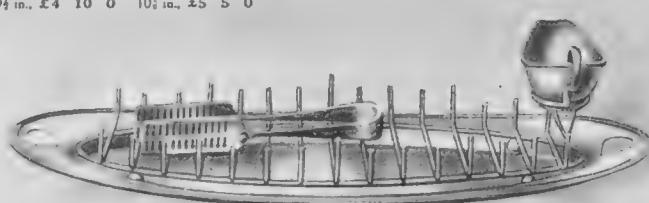
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## PHILANTHROPY.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

STRANGE as it may appear, I am not altogether a philanthropist.

I have so often been accused of philanthropy, that it may become a reflection upon my intelligence.

I admit to a natural inclination for the truth, and was quite relieved to find that this original virtue was a business proposition. Therefore, I cannot accuse myself of any morbid eccentricity if I again lay stress on the fact that the wool shortage is becoming more and more serious.

What the position will be six months hence, Heaven and the Government only know.

What the position will be in the dim and distant future, when the world is again at Peace and thousands of men are clamouring for mufli, I, for one, refuse to guess.

In all seriousness, I can only advise every man to replenish his wardrobe while present prices rule, buy the best material he can get, and provide for the indefinite future.

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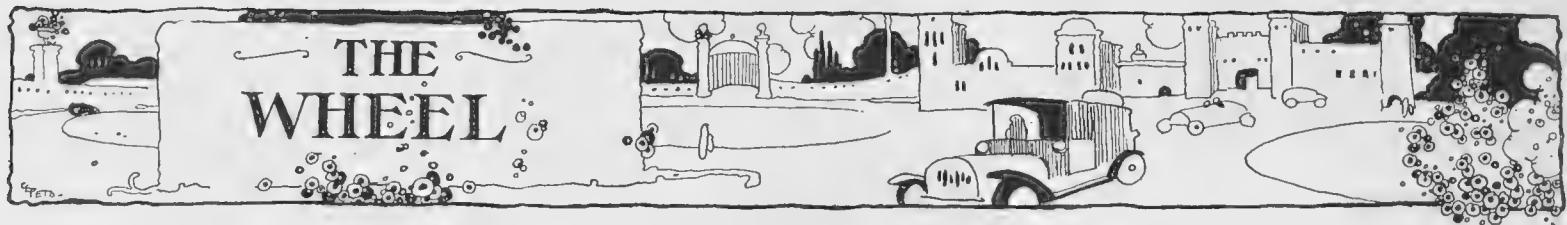
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**A SURPLUS OF PETROL: ECONOMY OR EFFICIENCY? FROM LITTERS TO MOTOR-CARS.**

**Hope for  
the Future.**

Some people have predicted a shortage of petrol even after the war, and argued that, though Government restrictions will be withdrawn, there may still be sundry practical obstacles to universal motoring. Some figures from the United States, however, hardly go to show that the oil-supply is in any sense failing there, for, as a matter of fact, it is now stated that the oil companies are actually producing every week 6,800,000 gallons of petrol more than they can sell, or a total of 353,600,000 surplus gallons per year. This is in no sense due to lack of European purchases; more spirit has come over during the war than ever before, but is devoted to war requirements.

**An Old Error  
Revived.**

Before private motor-cars were driven off the roads I took occasion to point out the underlying fallacy of a criticism which was raised by a morning paper to the effect that cars were seen about town conveying a single officer, or perhaps two, and that the vehicles ought not to be employed unless they carried a full complement of passengers. By a parity of reasoning, the man who charters a taxi-cab because he has important business to transact should stand on the kerb until he can find three other persons who are going the same way! And now another daily has been grumbling because the motor-lorries on the Hounslow Road do not carry goods as well as the men who are being taught to drive. The contention is manifestly absurd. The lorries are not making end-to-end journeys, and it does not follow for a moment that there are any munitions or stores to be conveyed along that particular route. As the Chief Economy Officer of the Petroleum Executive has since pointed out, moreover, the class of men received at the M.T. training-school at Osterley Park are not to be trusted on the road with a load of any

to the task of transport. The main line from France to Italy is the Mont Cenis Railway, so called; as a matter of fact, it does not cross the Mont Cenis at all, but is tunnelled through Mont Fréjus. It was speedily blocked with abnormal traffic, and the high roads had to be resorted to; and a statement has now appeared to the effect that several thousands of motor vehicles were brought into play, conveying troops and munitions over the splendid mountain highways which owe their origin to the genius of the great Napoleon. As a manifestation of the efficiency of motor traction the organisation was to the last degree complete. The freight-carrying lorries were divided into groups of eighteen or twenty, each with its own officer in charge; while one lorry in each group was fitted up as a travelling kitchen; and each group had its own mechanics, with a suitable supply of hand tools and spare parts in case repairs were required *en route*. In summer, of course, the journey would have been child's play; but in the circumstances soldiers had to be employed



RENDERING "FIRST AID" TO A MATE IN DIFFICULTIES: ONE MOTOR-LORRY GETTING READY TO TOW ANOTHER, OFF THE ROAD, UP A STEEP ROADSIDE EMBANKMENT.

The official label, "First Aid," on the front of the roof of the motor-ambulance vehicle to the right hits off the situation as shown with curious aptness.—[Official Photograph.]

to clear away the snow, especially at the corners, where, as I know from long experience, it drifts and reduces the practical road-width to a very material degree.

**A Striking  
Contrast.**

The published narrative of the transport, however, is incorrect in one respect, inasmuch as the passes over which the motor convoys passed are stated to have been "from 8000 feet to 10,000 feet" in altitude. No Alpine carriage road, however, attains the latter figure. The highest is the Stelvio (9041 feet), which is half in Austria and half in Italy; next come the Col du Parpaillon (8694 feet) and the Col du Galibier (8399 feet), both in France; while the only other Alpine road which is over 8000 feet is the Umbrail Pass, in Switzerland (8241 feet). None of these roads would enter into the case. The direct main road over the Alps from France to Italy is the Mont Cenis Pass proper, and it rises to 6834 feet. It is a broad and magnificent highway, and an eternal monument to Napoleon's foresight. Alternatively, the convoys may have also used, by way of relief to congestion, the road over the Col du Lautaret (6790 feet), another splendid highway, and then proceeded over Mont Genève (6100 feet) and the Col de Sestrières (6660 feet) to Turin, effecting a junction there with the direct Mont Cenis route. The Mont Genève road, by the way, is the one by which Hannibal is now believed to have crossed the Alps, though it must be added that his itinerary has long been a bone of contention, and that opinion is not yet absolutely uniform. But what a contrast between ancient and modern is presented by the picture, on the one hand, of the Carthaginian General, probably carried in a litter, and his toiling regiments of foot—and, on the other, an endless stream of motor-cars and motor-lorries, successfully and swiftly defying the mountain gradients and the winter snows.



INVESTIGATING TO MAKE SURE THERE ARE NO "BONES" BROKEN: AN AWKWARD MISHAP FOR A HEAVY GUN NEAR THE FRONT—PREPARING TO HAUL THE GUN BACK ON TO THE ROAD.

*Official Photograph.*

kind until they have really learned to drive. Where remunerative haulage can be undertaken by Army lorries it is taken advantage of; but, as one who has twice had a very narrow escape from the maladroitness of the embryo drivers on the road in question, I can emphatically confirm the Chief Economy Officer's view as to the unwisdom of entrusting them with any responsibility other than that of trying to drive. One of them, indeed, not so very long ago collided with the King's car; and the turning from Osterley Park to the main road has long been a danger-spot even to those who know the road and all the circumstances of the case.

**Mountain Road Transport.** When British troops were sent to the aid of Italy after the Austro-German offensive of last November, it was obvious to anyone who knew the territories concerned that the railways alone would not be equal

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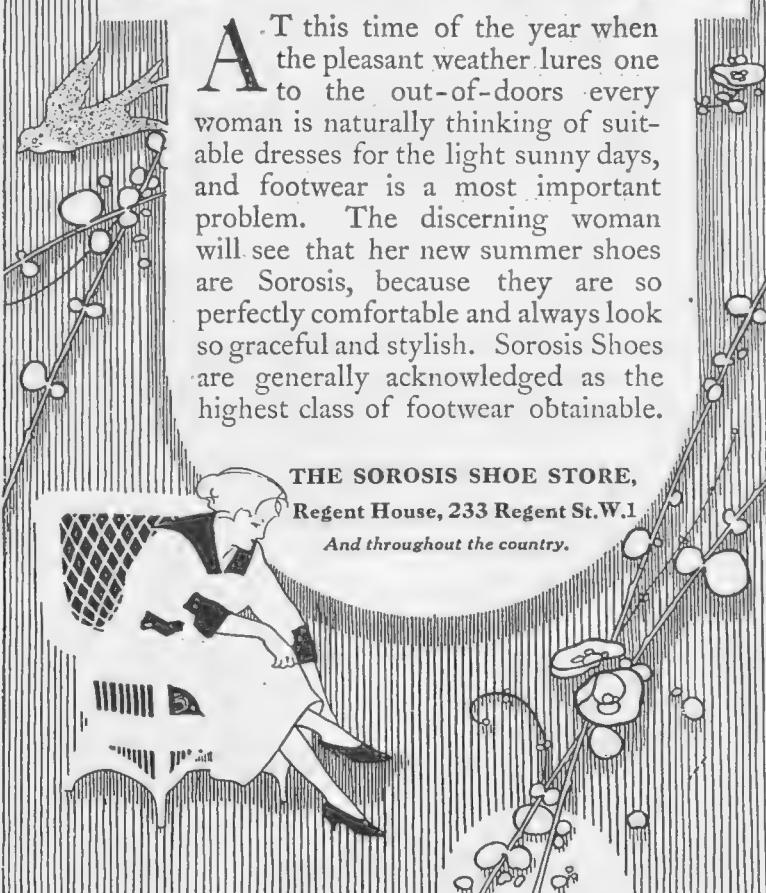
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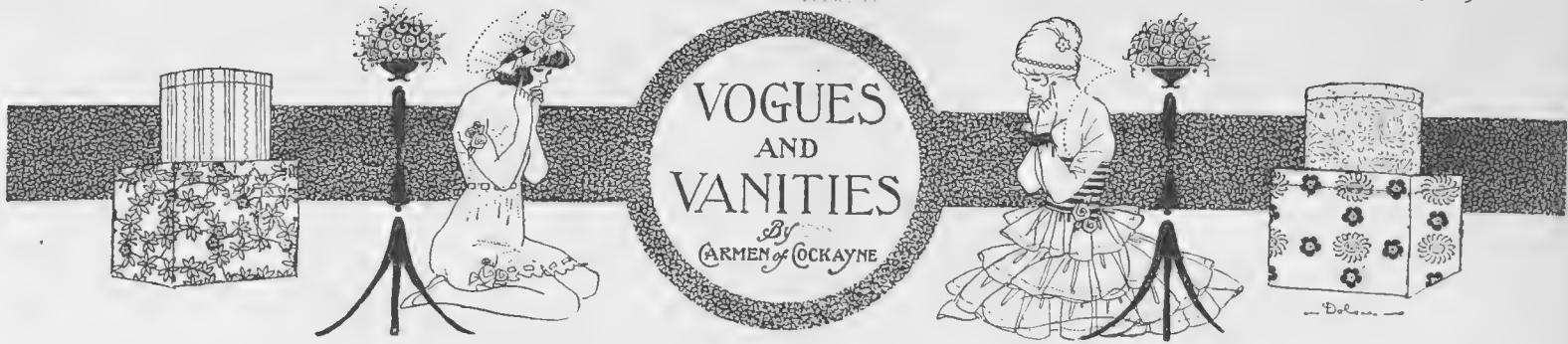
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### The War and the Wardrobe.

The connection between clothes—women's clothes—and Curfew is close and intimate. It sounds frivolous to mix up a measure rendered imperative by the stern necessity of war with the frocks and frills of frivolous femininity, but the fact remains. A saving in the national light-bill is one result of Curfew; an upheaval in the world of fashion another. It was not to be expected that Fashion, who likes to have a finger in every pie, would yield place to Mars. There have already been at least half-a-dozen modes owing their existence to the war. Women took up war work, and "sheaths" and "tubes" vanished to make way for frocks that should allow them freedom of movement. Skirts began to take high views of life for the same reason. The gay garments of peace were discarded in favour of sober "suits" and gowns, as being more suited to serious times. Sobriety is yielding place to hectic colour-schemes because it is essential that spirits should be kept up in a war-shadowed world. Other changes that have taken place in the last three or four years will immediately suggest themselves to the woman who dresses because she loves it, instead of clothing herself because she must.

### The Rise of the Boudoir Gown.

One unexpected—by the authorities—result of the Curfew closing order is the rise of the boudoir gown. More than that, even the humble dressing-gown shows signs of appropriating what little of light is left us in which to display its enhanced charms. Mere man, and a great many women, have been apt to assign the dressing-gown a rôle altogether too humble for the gorgeous affairs that now bear that name. Of course, there was a time when a dressing-gown was simply the most prosaic form of camouflage for the even more prosaic "undies" once regarded as an infallible indication of the virtue and propriety of their owner. But "undies," as well as times, have changed, and dressing-gowns with them. Beauty in clothes is not confined to garments that catch the outward eye. Eve's retirement to her bedroom or boudoir is usually an excuse for slipping into clothes even more entrancing than those in which she faces the glances of an admiring world. Not that the wearing of unconventional gowns is restricted to the hours she spends in the privacy of her own apartments. The line that divides the boudoir robe from the tea-gown is so slight as to be almost indistinguishable. The beauty that reigns in the bedroom is not a bit less attractive than the kind that is designed for the boudoir. Curfew, since it increases the number of hours spent at home, has given the people who spend their time making lovely tea-gowns and boudoir clothes an opportunity of which they have not been slow to take advantage.

**Help for the Helpless.** Still, it is not always easy to reach the goal of smartness unaided. On the other hand, the woman who seeks counsel from without must

be sure that the advice she will be given is reliable. That is one reason why so many women migrate to the boudoir and dressing-gown salons at John Barker's, in Kensington High Street, before making a final decision on this all-important matter. It matters very little whether your requirements are confined to the modest bath-gown pure and simple, or extend to the purple and rosy splendour of a robe carried out in purple crépe-de-Chine and crépe chiffon veiling deep fuchsia-pink georgette. What is important is that simplicity and splendour are both studied and understood at the house in question, so that femininity in search of something pretty in which to spend her hours of leisure can be certain of finding something exactly suited to her individual needs.

**Its Roseate Hues.** Good times or bad, things could never look anything but rosy when viewed from the soft embraces of an azalea-pink gown of supple, rich, imperial crépe satin of the simple, slip-over-head type, with a narrow band of black chiffon to define the neck and such sleeves as the width of the material provides, and a cord of sparkling jet beads passed through slots in the material in the region of the waist to act as a girdle. There are too, one knows, many ways of using lace, though it is doubtful if

any could be more effective than the one adopted on a robe of hyacinth-blue crépe georgette that veils flesh-pink chiffon. A wide band of filet lace insertion laid across the corsage just below the décolletage extends from shoulder to shoulder, and is carried thence half-way down the sleeve. The device is repeated at the back, the bands being linked by "straps" of chiffon carried over the arm. Or again there is an equally attractive affair of black-and-gold for dinner wear, in which a sleeveless panel jumper of black-chiffon, outlined with white-and-gold lace weighted at the corners with handsome tassels, hangs between the world and a graceful gown of black charmeuse. More than that, there is nothing to prevent a gown taking a double view of things if it likes, so that it is quite natural to find a robe of pleated periwinkle-blue crépe-de-Chine topped by a wide band of multi-coloured embroidery, accompanied by a transparent coat of raspberry-pink chiffon wholly innocent of sleeves.



*Beauty in the boudoir can take several forms. A pink crépe-de-Chine "nightie" is one of them, a "fuchsia" tea-gown another. In the third sketch Dolores shows how successfully brevity may be combined with beauty.*

### Frills and Frivolity.

It should not be forgotten, either, that what's worn below must equal in beauty what's worn above, and if pink crépe-de-

Chine, with a deep yoke of Valenciennes lace, that on examination reveals itself as a nightdress, accompanied by a berched and befrilled boudoir jacket of flesh-pink chiffon, does not happen to accord with your taste, John Barker will show you plenty of others to choose from, as well as an array of petticoats the attractions of which are too numerous to be described in the space of a single short article.

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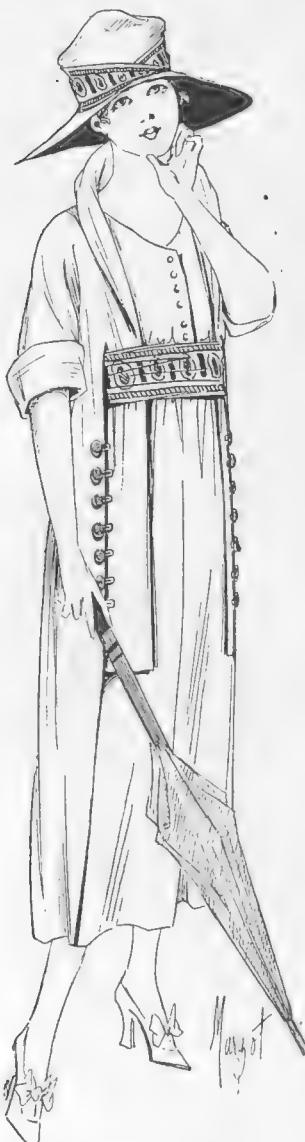
PHILLIPS' PATENTS LTD. 142, OLD ST. LONDON E.C.



**Of Great Price.** The tax-on-expensive-jewellery rumour ruffled many dovecotes, for some women whose treasures are many believed it would be a tax on possessions as well as on purchases. One dear lady suggested, as an evasion, substituting her pearls at least by the imitable Sessels. Asked if she would then give all her own to the Red Cross, to be saved paying tax on their great value, she looked blank, and weakly said that she had thought it would be all right to send them to the bank and not to wear them. An astute Dowager believed that, as her pearls, diamonds, and emeralds were heirlooms, the estate would have to pay the tax. However, all this talk was before Mr. Bonar Law delivered his great pronouncements and left luxury taxes to a Select Committee—wise man!

**Requirements of the Moment.** I hear, and on authority the most reliable, that silk for blouses is going to jump up in price—such silk as we women love, soft and substantial. I am told that the prices for the small quantity obtainable

next year, and already contracted for, will be about 5s. 9d. a yard wholesale. So we may be the more grateful for such fabrics as Sefton Sherelene, which is 2s. a yard, 36-inch wide, and Sefton Shervole, which is 3s. a yard, 40-inch wide. The designs are so effective, the colours so harmonious and decorative, that trimming is unnecessary. They can be obtained at Harrod's, where the most suitable way of turning them into smart and up-to-date dresses, which are yet economical, can also be found. Harrods always lead the way in the requirements of the moment, and their dresses of Sefton fabrics are sure of success.



The cheerful note in dress, so much the vogue just now, is expressed in this little one-piece frock of tomato-coloured Shantung. Its belt is only visible at the front and the back, and is made of brocaded ribbon, tomato and black in colour. The buttons are black.

**Are Ducks.** If any of my good readers saw that, at Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's great Linen Hall in Regent Street, they could purchase a suit for a little boy of from two to two-and-a-half in zephyr and in Harris linen, and went to do so, I am sorry, for there were last week none of these suits left in zephyr. The price for them in Harris linen, with smocked front and sleeves, and fancy stitching and pockets, is 26s. 6d. Similar suits with full knickers for little girls can also be obtained in pink and blue. This noted firm is always most particular to supply what is advertised, and if this error in an advertisement caused any customer inconvenience, Robinson and Cleaver very much regret it. The suits, while not of duck, are ducks!

**What Can a Coat Do More?** April was rather more than showery, and we do not know that May will be drier. We need not care if we fit ourselves with Dexter weather-proof coats, with their well-known fox's-head trade-mark. These coats are beautifully cut, and kept up to date for men and for women. Military men are great lovers of Dexters, and so military men's wives, sweethearts, and sisters love them too. They keep their wearers dry and always look well—what can a coat do more?

**Toothsome, and Keeps the Cold Out.** Why should we go abroad for our liqueurs? There are old family recipes for them in this country which

produce liqueurs as good as and better than those for which the monks of old are responsible. There is Drambuie, the Skye liqueur, from a recipe given to one of the Mackinnons of Skye by a Highland gentleman in Prince Charlie's Bodyguard. That is a delicious warmer and invigorator which can be had at hotels and restaurants, in cases or half-cases from the good wine merchants, or the Drambuie Liqueur Company, 8, Union Street, Edinburgh.

#### To Be or Not to Be.

From nineteen to thirty, tremble in your high-heeled shoes and opaque silk stockings, my sisters. An unchivalrous M.P. who earns £400 a year for belonging to the most luxurious club in London proposes to conscript you. He is probably an unhappy man, without one daughter to warm his slippers, another to air his newspaper, another to fill and light his pipe, and all three to give him their meat coupons! Had he such blessings, happily still unappropriated, would he suggest conscripting them? Perish the thought! He would permit them to cherish him, when he is at home, until the day of his death, after which they would have to fend for themselves. And he would think himself a rarely good father at that. Nineteen to thirty had far better be conscripted and learn to look after themselves while still active.

**Keep Smiling.** "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear! Tobacco will be so dear we shall all be too poor to buy much of it." This is the cry of the smitten smokers, and male and female has Mr. Bonar Law smitten them. Well, the fact that we are bearing the principal part in a world war is being pressed home to us, and we may but bear it—and grin if we can. From this time on we shall feel the enemy pressure in ever-increasing proportions until we lay him out.

Despite the war—perhaps, in some measure, because of it—the claims of Art upon all people of intelligence and taste were never more eagerly recognised than they are to-day, and it is a psychological fact that beautiful pictures act as antidotes to the inescapable horrors of the great world-contest. The Royal Academy will be once more a focus of art-lovers this year, and those who cannot, as well as those who can, make a pilgrimage to Burlington House should secure a copy of that attractive annual "The Royal Academy Illustrated" for 1918. Despite labour and paper difficulties, it will prove fully equal to previous editions, and it is the only annual publication in which appear reproductions of the works of the Royal Academicians and the Associates. Messrs. Walter Judd and Co., Ltd., 97, Gresham Street, Bank, E.C. 2, are the publishers, and it can be obtained from all bookstalls and booksellers for half-a-crown, and will prove a valuable record of an exceptionally interesting year in the world of Art.

In giving the portrait of Miss A. C. George in our issue for last week, the name of the officer to whom she is engaged was given as Major R. W. Treichmann. It should have been Major R. W. Treichmann, Royal Garrison Artillery.

A war-time book which compels a laugh and carries the mind away in pleasant fashion from the troublous present to the cheery past is a thing to be welcomed, and, for that reason, "Leaves from My Diary," by the Dunlop Caddie, published by the famous Dunlop Rubber Company at 1s. (1s. 3d. post free), is a thing to be grateful for. All good golfers know the value of "29 and 31," and will welcome the humour of the drawings by Mr. Ernest Noble, whose quaintly humorous Caddie is a fascinating figure of fun as he goes on his world-tour. Those who depend upon golf for their living have invariably suffered badly by the war, and the entire proceeds of the sale of the "Diary" will be devoted to the Benevolent and Employment Funds of the Professional Golfers' Association, an organisation which includes every golf professional in the kingdom. The book is printed in colour, and the Dunlop Rubber Company, Aston Cross, Birmingham, may be congratulated upon their kindly effort. The sale is sure to be immense.—verb, sap.



A simple home dinner-dress of black chiffon over white satin. The hem, belt, and chemisette are of white chiffon embroidered with jet beads, and a squirmy design of sequins.



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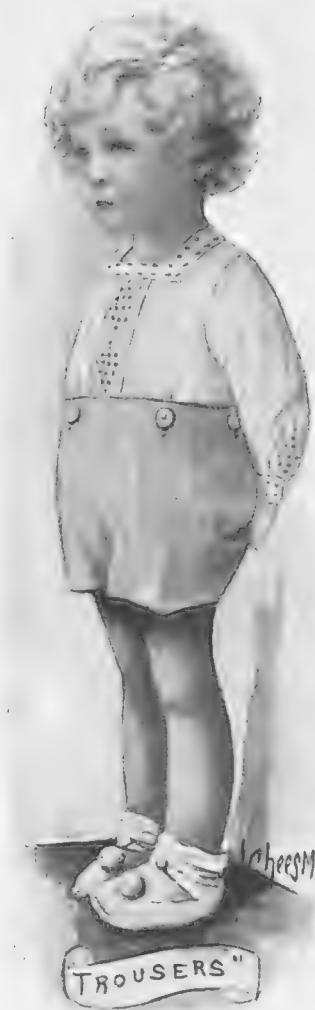
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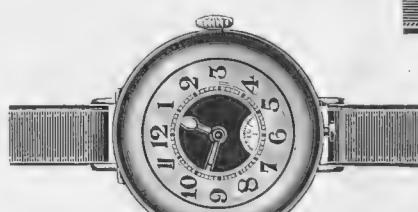
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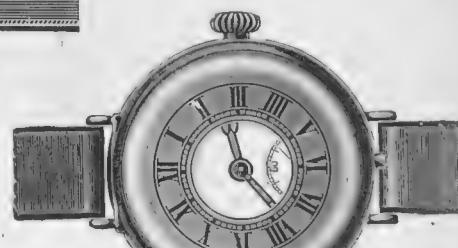
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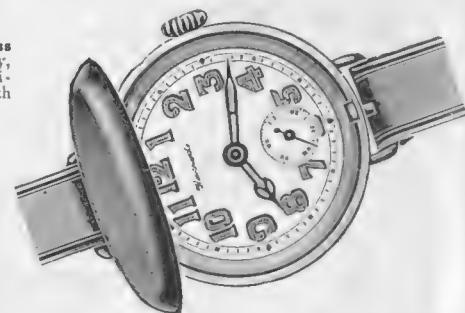
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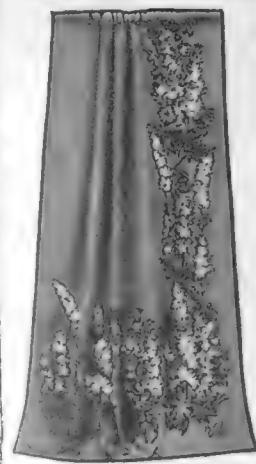
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WM. HOLLINS & CO., Ltd. (Trade only), 29, Viyella House, Newgate St., London, E.C.1.

# Sefton Fabrics

## Irish Sherelene & Irish Sherevoile



These Fabrics are particularly suitable for wartime wear. The bold design and vivid colours make it unnecessary to use any elaborate trimmings—in fact, they look their best in a simple make-up; they are, therefore, economical from first to last, and on truly appropriate lines for present conditions.

Sefton Fabrics are devised in the extreme of fashion, and are remarkable for their big and bright decorations—features which, unfortunately, it is not possible to reproduce within the limits of this advertisement. Their original character must be seen to be realised.

SEFTON SHERELENE  
36 in. wide double width  
per yard

2/-

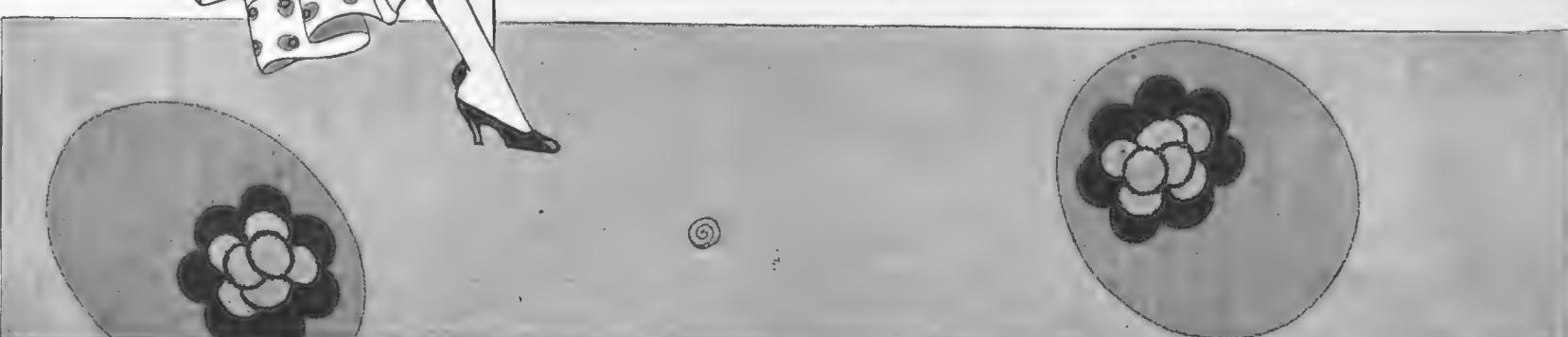
SEFTON SHEREVOILE  
40 in. wide double width  
per yard

3/-

OBtainable only at HIGH-CLASS & SPECIALITÉ DRAPERS.

Stocks of Seftons Sherelene and Sherevoile are carried by all the leading and Speciality Drapers and Stores in the Provinces and by the following Houses in London and District:

Selfridges.  
Whiteleys.  
D. H. Evans.  
Harrods.  
John Barker's.  
Harvey Nichols.  
Gorringes.  
Henry Glave.  
Jones & Higgins, Peckham.  
Frank Bearman, Leytonstone.  
John Sanders Ltd., Ealing.  
W. B. Hull, Cricklewood.  
Morley & Lanceley, Ltd.,  
Brixton Road.  
P. T. Goodban, Chiswick.  
J. Alder, Croydon.  
Bentall, Kingston.





# Smartness and Value in Spring Attire

Our Versatile Assortments of Spring Styles reflect our policy of offering at all times, only those goods that combine the maximum of smartness and utility with the most moderate price. Here are three typical examples of the unsurpassable Values we are offering.

## Smart Afternoon Gown

**S. 43.** Afternoon or Semi-Evening Gown in Georgette, trimmed Oriental galon, small buttons, and collar of contrasting shade. In saxe, mole, navy, nigger, grey, 7½ Gns. champagne, ivory, and black .. 7½ Gns.

## A new idea in Coats

The "Daphne." Very smart Coat in fine quality Gaberdine, lined throughout with fancy silk. In fawn, grey, mole, navy, and black. Made in our own workroom .. 8½ Gns.

## Value in Jersey Coats

**B. 76.** Smart Sports Coat in Artificial Silk, with large Collar and Sash. Available in black, white, and a large range of colours .. 35/-  
(Not on approval.)



# Peter Robinson's

OXFORD STREET · LONDON · W1

Peter Robinson, Ltd.



ON APPOINTMENT  
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

**DAINTY and  
BECOMING  
AFTERNOON  
BLOUSE**

"AVIEMORE." Soft Ecru Net Blouse, lined Chiffon, with Motif Insertion Band which also forms the dainty Collar, and shaped Cuffs.

**45/6**

Ladies' Washing Doeskin Gloves,  
Sac shape, with elastic at wrist. In White or Natural Colour.

**7/11 per pair.**

**DICKINS & JONES LTD.**  
Regent St London W1.

You can always depend on your requirements by post being attended to promptly by a staff of experienced assistants.

**INEXPENSIVE  
TAILOR  
SHIRTS**

ALL our Shirts are our own exclusive design. They are exceptionally well cut from dependable materials, and entirely fill the present demand for practical and becoming Shirts at a particularly moderate price.

TAILORED SHIRT (as sketch), in fine White Linen with pique collar and cuffs. Smartly fitting collar and revers to cross in front. Sizes: 13½, 14, 14½ and 15.  
Price 15/9

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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
LONDON W1

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*"A merry Heart goes all the way"*



**Listen!**

It's that last chorus they heard on the "Decca." And the singing and the anticipation of more "Decca" entertainment to follow puts new life into them. What a boon the Decca has been to them. Easy to carry, ready immediately opened, the Decca is truly the ideal gramophone for Active Service.

In Leather Cloth, | Compressed Fibre, | Solid Cowhide  
£6 15 0 | £7 17 6 | £10 10 0

Of Harrods, Army and Navy Stores, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, Gamage's, and all leading Stores and Music Dealers.

**THE DECCA**  
THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

ILLUSTRATED FOLDER, and name of nearest agent, free on application to the Manufacturers—  
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32, Worship Street, London, E.C.2.  
(Proprietors—Barnett Samuel & Sons, Ltd.)



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Himself and your children, should all wear Lista Pure Silks. They are delightfully soft, wash splendidly, are very durable and British built



**LISTA**  
PURE SILK

Manufactured, Guaranteed and Sold  
Wholesale only by  
LISTER & CO., LTD  
Old Change, E.C.

*As British as the Weather . . . but Reliable!*



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has never to be considered by the Dexter Wearer . . . he knows he will be dry whatever the weather . . . cosy, fit, confident of Dexter Proofing always . . . guaranteed.

Supplied by  
Agents  
everywhere



Look for the  
FOX HEAD  
Trade Mark

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WEATHERPROOF

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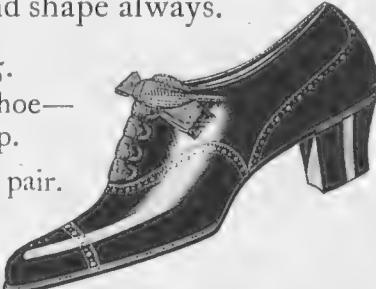
Wallace, Scott & Co., Ltd. (Wholesale), Glasgow  
Makers of Dexter Weatherproofs

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ARE the acme of Spring and Summer comfort in Shoes. A combination of wear-resisting qualities and style.

"Bective" are made by the most capable of British workmen, skilled in the craft of shoe-making on hand-sewn principles. They retain their build and shape always.

Style L95.  
Glace Lace Shoe—  
Patent Cap.  
per 25/9 pair.



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(JAMES BRANCH & SONS LTD)  
**NORTHAMPTON**  
FOUNDED 50 YEARS AGO

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## Dissolves Uric Acid

Rheumatism,  
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Migraine.

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In whatever spot of the body it may be located, uric acid cannot possibly resist the powerful dissolving and eliminating action of URODONAL. This agent chases the uric acid from all its strongholds: from the muscular fibres of the digestive system; from the sheaths of the arteries; from the pores of the skin; from the pulmonary alveoli, and from the nerve cells. The beneficial effects of this cleansing process of the system—which unites and epitomizes so many therapeutic indications—are thus plainly apparent.

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Medical Faculty of Montpellier.*



The triumph of  
Modern Science

Price 5/- and 12/- per bottle.

Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists, or direct, post free, from the British and Colonial Agents, HEPPELS, Pharmacists, 164 Piccadilly, London, W. 1.

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Say a boy living in Yorkshire is at school at Eastbourne. He is met at Victoria, given refreshment if desired, escorted to King's Cross and put into the right train.

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Rowe's, of New Bond St., will gladly undertake the care of your child on the return to School if it is inconvenient for you to go to London.

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(Oxford St. end).

LONDON, W.1.

Phone: 3782 Gerrard

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A client writes:—"I find I simply cannot do without your Preparations. I have tried everything in the world, and find nothing that can compare with yours."

The Ganesh Diable Tonic is the best known Preparation for clearing, cleaning and whitening the skin—it closes the pores and is an excellent wash for tired eyes. Prices: 5/6, 7/6, 10/6, 21/6 and 57/6 per bottle.

**Sample Bottle 1/- on mentioning this paper.**

Letters can be seen privately. Send for Book of Advice.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

By Appointment



To  
H.M. The King.

## SCRUBB'S AMMONIA

### MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.

Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.

Restores the Colour to Carpets.

Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Softens Hard Water.

Price 1/4 per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., Ltd., Guildford St., London, S.E.

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(In Tins and Glasses)

*Excellent all ways*

Of Grocers and Stores everywhere. Fish Pastes and Soups can be purchased without coupons.

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SEVEN PRIZE  
MEDALS.



These series of  
Pens neither  
scratch nor spurt.

They glide over the  
roughest paper with the  
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Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d.,  
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London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

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POST FREE.

Solid 18-ct. Gold and Enamel ... £3 0 0  
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JEWELLERY  
PURCHASED  
FOR CASH.

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OF ALL CUTLERS, STORES & OR POST FREE FROM  
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Barley Water, either alone or with milk, is a most valuable drink for the nursing or expectant mother. It stimulates the production of milk, and by its action on the organic functions it keeps the system in sound health.

Fawcett's Natural Process Barley should always be used for making Barley Water. It is prepared with the most scrupulous care and is absolutely pure.

FAWCETTS Barley Food Specialists,  
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The little ones at this time need all the care we can lavish upon them. Study their health and comfort by using

## TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE

### TOILET POWDER

Relieves Chafing, Redness, Roughness. Soothing and Emollient.

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May be safely used on the most delicate and sensitive skin.

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Delightfully perfumed. Promotes the healthy action of the skin.

PRICES from 1/- PATRONISED BY ROYALTY.

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(Reginald Delbeck  
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W. H. BERRY. "THE BOY."  
Nellie Taylor, Maidie Hope, Lance Lister, Maudie Dunham.  
Evenings at 7.45. Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2.

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(Ger. 3724.) "THE KNIFE."  
A Warning, in a Prelude and Three Acts. DON'T MISS THE PRELUDE!  
EVERY EVENING, at 8. MATINEES MONS., FRI., and SATS., at 2.30.

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"A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF." (3rd Year.)  
(Ger. 3844.) NIGHTLY, at 8. MATS. WEDS., THURS., SATS., at 2.30.  
THIS THEATRE IS BUILT ENTIRELY UNDERGROUND.

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(2nd Year.) "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."  
The GEORGE EDWARDES Musical Production. Lauri de Frece, Mark Lester,  
Bertram Wallis, Thorpe Bates, Pop Cory, Mabel Sealby, Faith Bevan, and José Collins.  
EVENINGS, at 7.45. MATS. TUES., THURS., SATS., and WHIT MON., at 2.

### GAIETY.

(Last Week.) "THE BEAUTY SPOT."  
A New Musical Play.  
Evenings at 7.45. Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2.15.

### GLOBE.

(Gerr. 8722.) MARIE LOHR in  
"LOVE IN A COTTAGE." By W. Somerset Maugham.  
MATINEES DAILY, at 2.30.  
EVENINGS: WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 7.45.

### PALACE.

(Last Week.) "PAMELA."  
LILY ELSIE. G. P. HUNTLEY.  
Evenings at 7.45. OWEN NARES.  
Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

### SAVOY.

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH."  
Every Evening, at 8. Matinees every Wed., Thurs., and Sat., at 2.30.

### AEOLIAN COMPANY'S

FREE SMOKING CONCERT on SUNDAY NIGHT at 7 p.m. for SOLDIERS, SAILORS, and their FRIENDS, at the AEOLIAN HALL, 135, NEW BOND STREET, W. All seats free.

### ALHAMBRA.

Evenings at 8.15.  
Mats. Wed., Thurs., & Sat., at 2.15.  
Mr. Oswald Stoll (by arrangement with Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard) presents  
"THE BING BOYS ON BROADWAY." GEORGE ROBEY. VIOLET LORAIN.

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"THE LILAC DOMINO."  
The J. L. Sacks, Ltd., production.  
Nightly, 7.45. Mats. Mons., Weds., and Sats., at 2.15.

### PALLADIUM.

Managing Director, Mr. CHARLES GULLIVER.  
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London. THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, 2.30, 6.0, 8.20. Programme for week commencing April 29th. Wilkie Bard, Hetty King, J. W. Hickaby, Talbot O'Farrell, Yvonne Granville, Wilson Hallett, Gintario, etc. Varieties

### WEST END CINEMA THEATRE.

Coventry Street, W. "SEATS OF THE MIGHTY." From Sir Gilbert Parker's famous Novel, featuring Lionel Barrymore, and an All-Star Cast. Thurs. to Sun.—Two Exceptionally Fine Films: "WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR," and "A TANK TRAINING SCHOOL IN IRELAND." Sparkling Comedies, &c. Phone Regent 2588

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COMPLETE MUSICAL EDUCATION at inclusive fee. Private lessons in all musical subjects. Stage Training in Elocution, Gesture, Stage Dancing, Fencing. £30 Violin Open SCHOLARSHIP to be competed for in May. Entries to be sent in on or before May 18. Weekly Orchestral Practices.

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NEW TERM BEGAN APRIL 22.

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### THE

### LANGHAM

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UNIQUE LOCATION

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Modern Appointments.

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Telegrams: "Langham, London."

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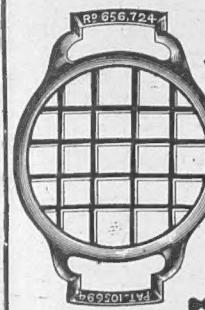
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HEAVILY SILVER-  
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Real Diamond Clasps  
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Asthma, Catarrh,  
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**HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA**  
At all chemists  
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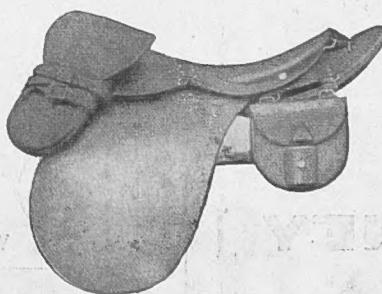
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Adapted in our own work-  
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model, in rich quality Silk  
Charmeuse, with capuchon back  
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graceful gown. In black and a  
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SPECIAL PRICE

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BLUE UNDRESS  
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Exclusive Designs,  
COATS & SKIRTS  
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RIDING HABITS  
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Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-measurement Form  
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OFFICERS on LEAVE & VISITORS to LONDON can leave  
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The Ideal  
"HALLZONE"  
Perfected  
**TRENCH COAT**,  
Guaranteed Wind  
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LINED FINEST  
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MODEL COAT  
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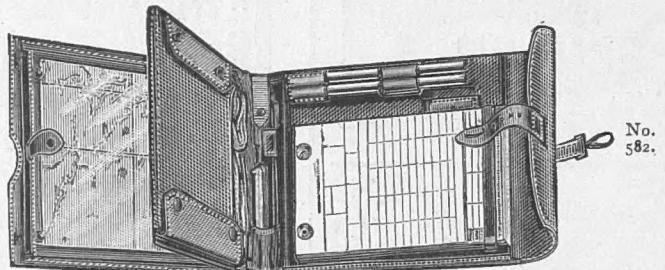
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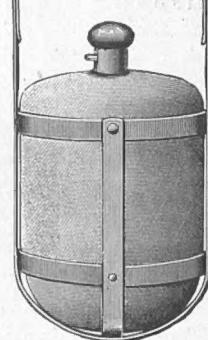


No.  
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No. 582. Folding waterproof khaki canvas, with transparent face, 17 in. by 8½ in. for map, and extra pocket for spare maps—a pocket for papers—stiffened writing board with divisions, for message form C2121, pencils, divider, indiarubber, and protractor—pocket for carbons—button-hole tab and lanyard for use when working—leather handle and swivel hook for attaching to belt .. . . . £2 2 0  
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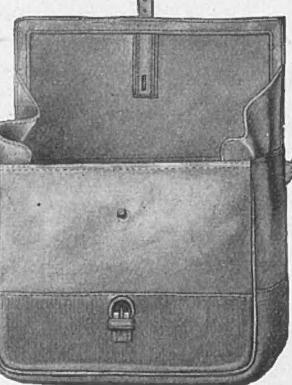
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No. 584.—Nickel silver plated inside, non-corrosive screw top, rounded front, flat back, covered khaki cloth, 1½ pints

£1 10 0

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No. 581.

£1 6 6

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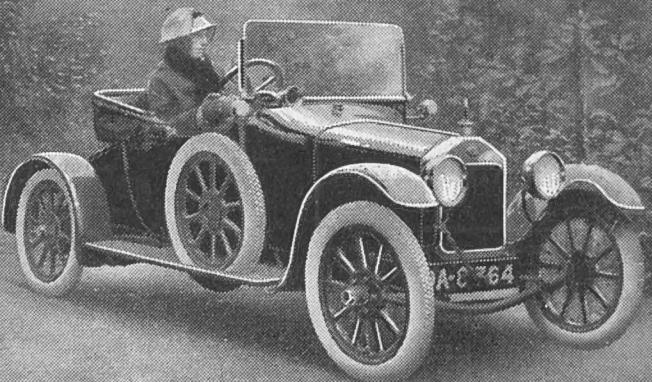
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